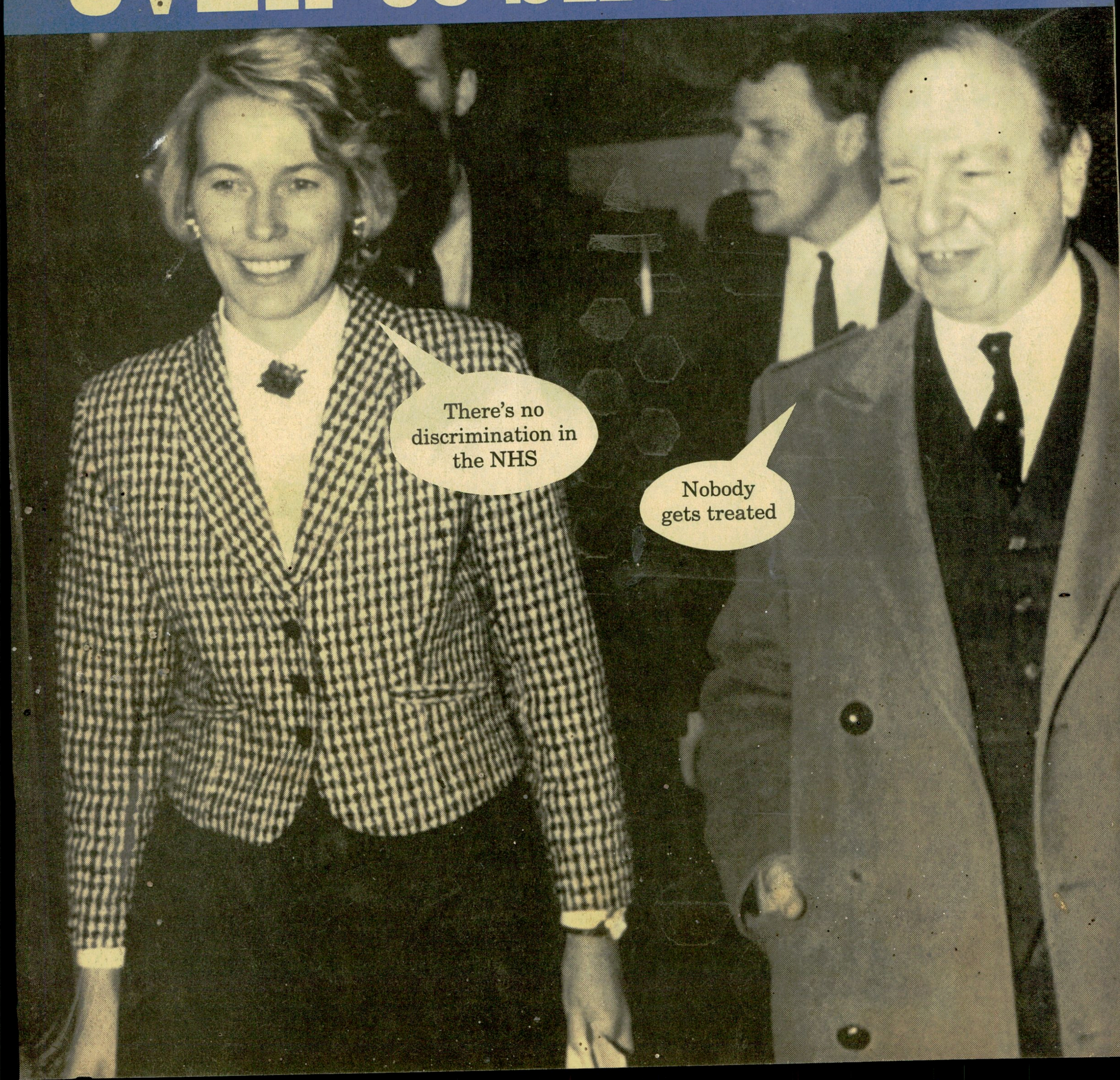
344
ay
pril '94

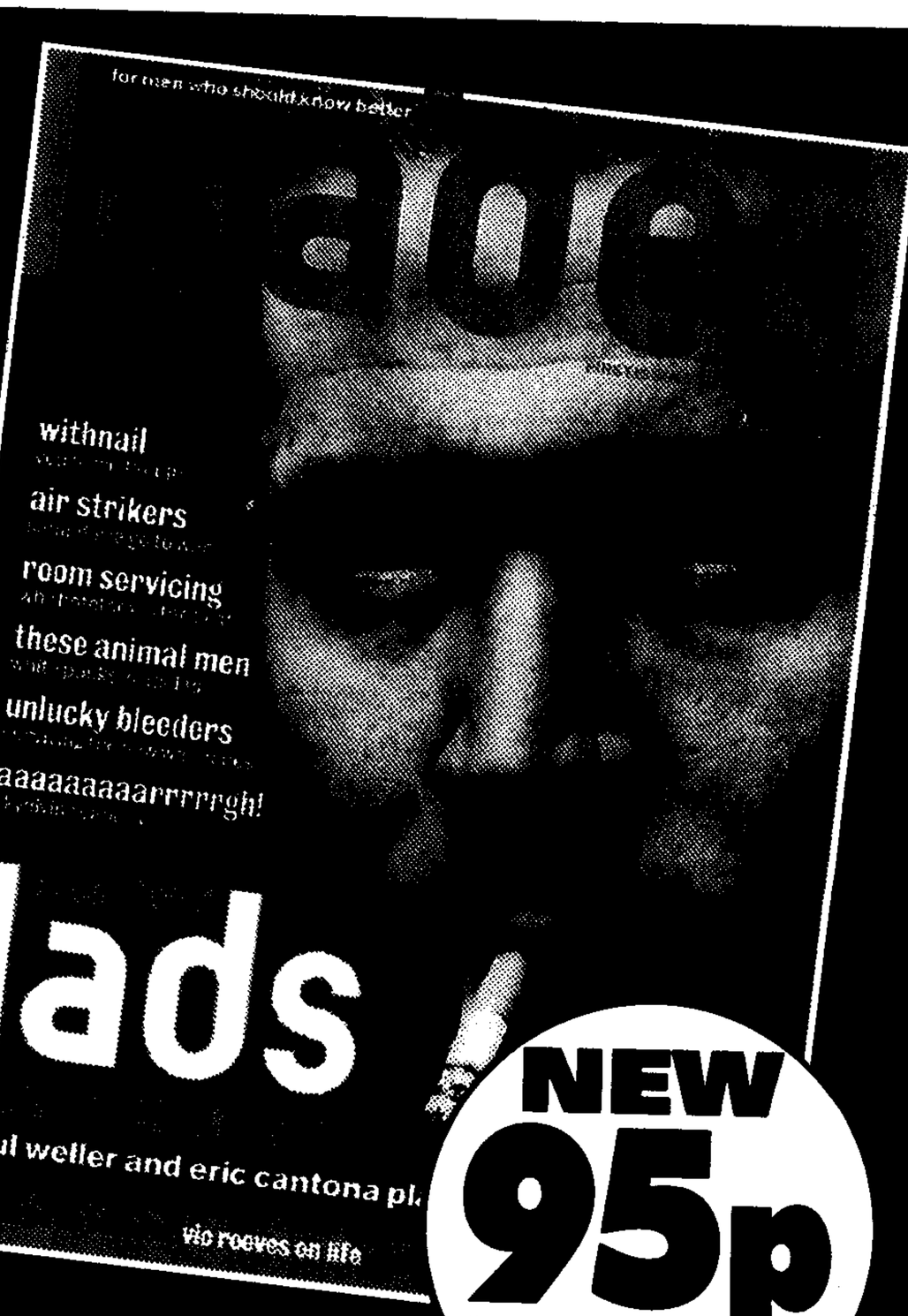
PRIVATE EYE

90p

BOTTOMLEY IN OVER-65 SHOCKER



"Good news at last, Norma... they've just launched loaded"



FOR MEN WHO SHOULD KNOW BETTER

NEW 95p INTRODUCTORY PRICE USUAL PRICE £2

ON SALE NOW!

DARE YOU!

Bungy Jump for Oxfam

A special weekend package to France – jumping in the safest environment with the best professional guidance.

For further information:
Call 0727 866520
Or write to Simon Lloyd, Oxfam, 80B Victoria Street, St Albans, Hertfordshire AL1 3XH.

FRED WAS EXPERIENCING
THE FAMOUS
'VICTORY V EFFECT'

THEY'RE ALRIGHT SAID FRED

FULL COLOUR T- AND SWEATSHIRTS

Wholesale Enquiries: 0722 330960

FROM £7.99

THE TWAT IN THE HAT

RINGPEACE

XL T-SHIRTS (Standard wt. ... £7.99, Heavy wt. ... £8.99)
S,M,L,XL (L-SLEEVE T (Heavy wt.) ... £10.99, S/SHIRT ...£12.99)
White only. Prices incl. P & P. Please allow 28 days for delivery.

Cheque / PO / Enquiries to:
J-DOT, DEPT. P, PO BOX 64, SALISBURY, WILTS., SP4 6QB.

Gnome

LORD GNOMUMBO, Former Head of the Arts Council, explains the background to the family feud that has rocked a nation.

MY SON, the Hon Darius Gnomumbo has seen fit to talk to the press about a private family matter which should never have been made public.

That is entirely his business and he is entitled to his view of the affair.

I have no desire to comment on this and will maintain a dignified silence except to say:

- **Darius is a little shit who won't get a penny out of me.**
- **When I go all the money will go to Rita Chevrolet, my recent life-long companion and personal masseuse.**
- **I'm not going for a long time yet, you measly little runt. Just you watch me!!!**
- **Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha.**

E Strobes
pp. Lord Gnomumbo
Mumbo Jumbo Towers
Paterstroppy Square
London

PRIVATE EYE

6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
071-437 4017. Fax: 071-437 0705.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£15 per annum. Europe and Eire £22. Elsewhere: Surface £22, Air £28. Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE — 071-228 0588.
Fax: 071-924 3719

COLOUR SECTION

THE *Sun* was in sparkling form when it supported MP David Alton in the furore over violent videos.

"Every parent will welcome new laws to stop children seeing video nasties," the *Sun* said, probably correctly, even though "nasties" have been banned in Britain for nearly a decade.

What are available are tacky horror flicks, like *Child's Play 3*, which are heavily vetted by the British Board of Film Classification before being released on video — but *not* before being broadcast by, say, satellite television conglomerates who base themselves outside these shores in places like Luxembourg.

Did the *Sun* say anything about that? Did it BSkyB!

And how much space did it give to findings of the Policy Studies Institute that the viewing habits of youngsters convicted of violent crimes and those of non-offenders were indistinguishable? Did it point out that the one thing the violent young offenders *did* have in common was that they regularly read copies of a certain tabloid newspaper owned by Rupert Murdoch?

Remember, you didn't read it first in the *Sun*.

LABOUR-RUN Birmingham has responded to the government's opening salvo in the local election campaign — that the city wastes lots of money — by mounting a peace mission to the Middle East.

Top council officers from the economic development unit are being sent on three-day trips to Egypt and Israel. They will meet — well, they're not sure *who* they will meet, but they're bound to bump into someone who wants to talk to them.

No one dares reveal how much the posturing jaunts will cost, but other departments have put forward other dotty ideas as well to use up £180,000 left in the budget.

Most bizarre is the decision to send two environmental health officers to Ireland to witness the ritual halal slaughter of sheep and cattle to ensure Birmingham's Muslims are not eating infidel meat. And £3,000 is being splashed out to send former council leader Sir "Dick" Knowles to South Africa for the elections. His qualification? "I visited Zambia 30 years ago."

MANY feel the attitude of Martin O'Neill, Labour's energy spokesman, sums up everything that is wrong with the modern Labour party.

When British Coal announced the closure of the last pit in Wales at Tower Colliery, O'Neill, said opposition to the closure was "emotional" and nothing could be done.

Ann Clwyd, the local MP for Tower, took a different view and staged an underground sit-in at the pit. When she emerged 27 hours later, British Coal withdrew its plans to close the pit because of the strength of local feeling.

MEANWHILE it's all change at Ofgas, the gas industry watchdog, where Sir James McKinnon, the former boss, spent five years telling British Gas to cut prices and break itself up into little bits to encourage competition.

The monopolies commission agreed — so Michael Heseltine, president of the board of trade, simply rejected the findings and installed a new boss: treasury-trained Clare Spottiswoode. She at least believes in leaving the market to make its profits undisturbed.

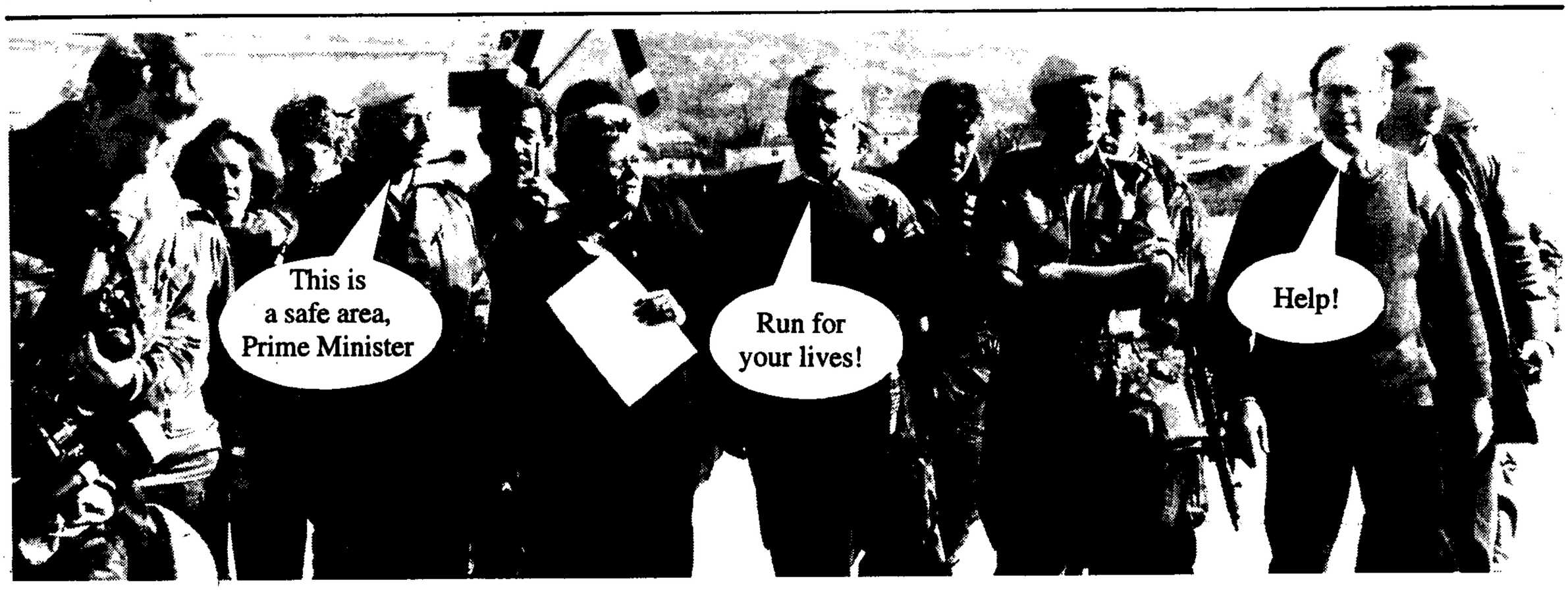
McKinnon has now become adviser to British Gas's rival, Calor Gas; an event which provoked an intemperate parliamentary motion from Labour MP Peter Hain. It is, he said, "a shameless example of a Tory government appointee serving his time before shoving his own nose into the free market trough".

MORE about Yorkshire Water's hugely underpaid chairman Sir Gordon Jones (breadline salary: £156,000 a year, plus massive share options, etc).

Jones has given up his additional job as chairman of a Castleford chemicals firm with a history of polluting Yorkshire's rivers — Hickson International (salary: £50,000) — even though there was never any question of a conflict of interest.

Environmentalists' attention is now turning to another Yorkshire Water director, Peter Flesher, whose day job is managing director of the accident-prone Bradford chemicals firm Allied Colloids.

- *Hallo to Lord Archer!* 5
- *EastEnders* 8
- *The Palumbo Story* 25
- *Westminster Council* 26



Street of Shame

THE poor old *Daily Telegraph* is on the slide. Latest ABC figures show its circulation fell by 14,000 last month, and, after a year of decline, is now on the brink of dropping below one million for the first time in living memory.

Oddly, the newspaper's bosses seem to feel that they deserve some sort of reward for this achievement. The total emoluments paid to *Telegraph* directors rose last year from £1.51 million to £2.7 million — a pay rise of 51 per cent. Meanwhile Conrad Black receives £237,000 as the *Telegraph*'s chairman, as against a mere £148,000 in the previous year.

To add to the *Telegraph*'s burdens, the ailing newspaper now has to contribute over £1 million a year in "fees" to Hollinger, its parent company; some of the loot is said to be a payment for "professional advice" while the rest goes into the pocket of Hollinger's chairman — who is no other than Conrad Black.

THE *Daily Mirror*'s circulation has plummeted by almost 200,000 in the past year under the editorship of David Banks. Chief executive David "Rommel" Montgomery is clearly impressed by this feat: last week he rewarded the fat oaf by promoting him to be editorial director of the entire Mirror Group.

The choice of Colin Myler as Banks's replacement was even more inspired. With Myler at the helm, sales of the *Sunday Mirror* have fallen by more than 70,000 in the last 12 months — helped on their way by Myler's spectacularly ill-judged publication of snatch photos of Princess Di in a health club.

Unusually for a tabloid editor, Myler is a devout Christian. When he disappears from the office at lunch, he is to be found not in the pub but on his knees in a nearby church — hence his nickname of "Lunchtime O'Pews".

But it seems unlikely even divine intervention will be able to restore the daily paper's flagging fortunes.

NIGEL Pratt-Dumpster, *Daily Mail* gossip columnist, has suffered some terrible blows in recent weeks.

First, one of his team, the redoubtable and operatically-built Kate Sissons, daughter of literary agent Michael Sissons, has invoked the paper's grievance procedure against Dumpster, seeking a pay-off or a job transfer.

This is because of his persistent offensiveness: he has been known to call her "the big c**t" to her face and once even threw a copy of *Who's Who* at her.

Dumpster's faithful poodle Adam Helliker, meanwhile, has decided after 13 years of perpetual suffering to accept the sweaty embrace of the *News of the Screws* where he is to be features editor.

Dumpster's days at the *Mail* are also thought to be numbered. Brian Vine, the *Mail*'s managing editor, whispers to colleagues that the diarist has about a year left. Paul Dacre, who has bitter memories of being shouted at by Dumpster when he was a lesser executive, is furious that Dumpster has a contractual agreement to provide the *Mail on Sunday* with six splashes a year, rightly surmising that he is getting the off-cuts. At the same time, Roddy Gilchrist, number two on the *Mail on Sunday*, makes no secret of the fact that, were he to replace Jonathan Holborow as editor, he would cancel the agreement with Dumpster.

MEANWHILE problems at the *Mail on Sunday* and its ludicrous *Night and Day* supplement are being addressed by Sir David English, Associated Newspapers chairman.

The current thinking in Northcliffe House is that the paper has lost its soul, and Fester has thus hired not more journalists but a trio of image consultants to approve the contents of the paper before it goes to press.

THE *Mail on Sunday* may find itself involved in a costly libel action following Sir Jonah Junor's uncalled for attack on Candida Lycett Green whom he accused of rubbishing her father, Sir John Betjeman, for money, by editing a book of his letters.

Junor seemed unaware that the book in question is in fact a warm and affectionate tribute.

More seriously, Jonah seemed unaware that his sister paper, the *Evening Standard*, had already paid out substantial damages to Mrs Green for making a similar charge.

PS: Jonah may be sensitive on the subject of daughters rubbishing their fathers ever since his own daughter, Penny, was less than kind about him in the *Sunday Times* series Relative Values some years ago.

THE London *Evening Standard* is facing libel proceedings following a misunderstanding over the dress sense of Isabella Blow, the fashion editor of *Vogue*.

The problem stems from an article entitled "Nice girls, nasty habits" by Rafaella Barker, which was inspired by Joanna Lumley's important revelation that she sometimes wore no knickers.

La Barker suggested that Mrs Blow sometimes wore her husband's boxer shorts and that she had been known to attend the office without any knickers at all. Mrs Blow compounded this impression by arriving for a party dressed in a fearlessly brief satin jacket with white stockings and suspenders and no visible means of skirting.

Mrs Blow's husband, the barrister Detmar Blow, has apparently been ragged about the revelations by other barristers in his chambers and has urged his wife to sue for libel.

Lord Gnome is happy to clear up once and for all the vexing matter of how the Blow undercarriage is kept under wraps. It is not true that Mrs Blow wears *no* knickers; merely that she wears the type which have terribly discreet thongs at the back. Lord Gnome knows... but don't ask him how.

SUN executive Chris Roycroft-Davis is not the most popular man at Wapping this week following his disastrous appearance on Greater London Radio early last Wednesday evening.

Invited by GLR to discuss what might be in the next day's papers, Roycroft-Davis could not resist boasting about two "scoops" the *Sun* intended to run: that Dudley Moore was to marry his 28-year-old girlfriend, and that Kurt Cobain's girlfriend Courtney Love had been taken to hospital after a drug overdose shortly before Cobain killed himself.

Hacks at the *Daily Mirror* heard the broadcast and promptly wrote up both stories for their own rag, billing them "EXCLUSIVE". To add insult to injury, both articles were said to be "by Roy Croft". *Geddit*?

JOHN BIRT's lacklustre and stumbling speech at a recent Press Fund lunch in Glasgow may not have thrilled the assembled hacks but the after-lunch cabaret has sent yet another shockwave through the demoralised *Daily Record*.

The fun started at a party in a private suite at the Marriott hotel hosted by PR man Jack Irvine, formerly the *Record*'s chief tormentor in his role as Scottish editor of the *Sun*, and now Scotland's answer to Sir Tim Bell.

Irvine's guests included top corporate lawyers, two chairmen of large Scottisn companies and some prominent TV people — as well as one of the *Record*'s most high-profile redundancies, chief reporter Gordon Airs (see *Eye* 841). Just as they were settling down for a quiet drink or three, in crashed a party of *Record* drunks led by news editor Malcolm Speed, the man who has had to make more hacks redundant than Robert Maxwell. Following in his wake came his highly tired and emotional deputy, Jim Morrison, chief reporter Anna Smith and the paper's new "serious" reporter Kerry Gill.

Within seconds insults were being traded between Speed and Airs, and before long they came to blows, having to be separated by another former *Record* executive, Tom Cassidy.

"Oh, no! It's the laager louts"

Meanwhile, in another corner of the suite, the *Record*'s acting night editor Jim Workman got into a heated argument with several guests who had dared to suggest that his paper was now but a shadow of its former self.

When he appealed for support from Irvine, whom he described as "my inspiration and mentor", the PR supremo denounced the *Record* as a "dog's breakfast" — and, for good measure, complained about the number of gays who were creeping on to the staff. Workman, befuddled and furious, stormed out of the room to the hilarity of the assembled company, who started singing Bruce Springsteen's gay dirge "Streets of Philadelphia".

NOEL BOTHAM, the obese former tabloid hack who has dug up some old dirt on Princess Margaret and her erstwhile paramour, Robin Douglas-Home, has more amusing royal tales to tell — concerning himself.

Back in the mid-1980s he was desperate to cover the Queen's tour of the Caribbean for the respected supermarket tabloid *National Enquirer*, but knew Buckingham Palace would refuse accreditation.

Out of charity, the *Daily Mail* correspondent Brian Vine took the pitiful Botham under his wing and arranged his accreditation — on condition that Botham act as his porter!

Other hacks were greatly amused to see Botham heaving and sweating as he dragged Vine's ever-accumulating luggage through the dozen or so airports on the tour.

THE latest issue of the desperate magazine *Scallywag* carries a startling allegation about one Alan Beck, a contemporary of Tory minister Michael Portillo at Peterhouse, Cambridge, 20 years ago: it accuses him of being "a rapist and child abuser".

In 1982, it claims, Beck helped to organise a holiday on a farm in Leicestershire for some boys from a children's home. During the holiday, one of the youngsters "was raped savagely by Beck". The police later questioned Beck at length about the incident, "but mysteriously no prosecution followed". This, *Scallywag* suggests, was because Beck "called in a few favours from his old Peterhouse chums in order to get himself off the hook".

Er, not quite. Alan Beck is a lecturer at Kent University who has never had anything to do with buggering boys in Leicestershire.

The magazine's poor sozzled editor has confused him with the horrifically unpleasant *Frank* Beck, the former head of three Leicestershire children's homes who was jailed for life in 1991 after being convicted of sexually abusing the teenagers in his care.

BIG NAMES SAY WHY WE'RE TOPS screamed the *Sun* in response to Dr George Carey's whinge that Britain was now a "pretty ordinary little nation".

But the most important name in the *Sun*'s pantheon of magnificence was that of Tony Loynes (*Who he?*), editor of the *UK Press Gazette*. He added his own splendid brown-nosing candidate for greatness: the *Sun*. "For the *Sun* to sell four million copies and be read by 12 million is a success story in its own right."

What a fine example of objectivity from the "journalists' own newspaper".

HALLO!

The new heartwarming column

HALLO! TO Lancaster House, where high-achieving women from all over the world — including The Marquesa, naturally — have been invited to a glittering dinner hosted by the British branch of the International Women's Forum. The after-dinner speaker was to have been Hillary Clinton, but since she is otherwise engaged our hostess, Tory peer Baroness Denton, has to find a replacement.

One name proposed is that of Kitty Kelley, who is in London researching her book about the royal family and already has a ticket to the dinner. Lady Denton is outraged by the suggestion. Lancaster House, she points out, is crown property, and she doesn't particularly wish to have the muckraking Kelley as a guest, let alone a speaker. Denton has a much more suitable nomination: the eminent author Lord Archer.

Regrettably, some of the guests — clearly unaware of Jeffrey's deep commitment to improving the position of women — are unimpressed by this scintillating choice. Their mood becomes even more indignant when he begins his speech with a series of tasteless jokes about Hillary Clinton and Bienvenida Buck. He then proceeds to insult his hostess by criticising the quality of the meal. "I want to commend Jean Denton for this remarkable Ugandan wine," he says sarcastically, raising his glass.

The forum's international president, a New Yorker named Susan Greenwood, has the honour of sitting next to the great novelist. Attempting to engage him in conversation, she tells him how much she admires authors. She adds that she is currently reading a book called *The Chosen*.

"You Jews!" Jeffrey exclaims tetchily. "All you want to read about is other Jews."

Greenwood, rather startled, explains that it is a book "about fathers, about sons and about relationships."

"Yeah," Jeffrey continues accusingly. "But Jew fathers and Jew sons and Jew relationships, I'm sure."

One trusts that la Greenwood, and all the other American women who paid about $1,000 a head to fly over for the occasion, feel they got their money's worth.

HALLO! "YO BITCH! S**k my d**k!" said the voice on the phone. Yes, it was the charming Eddie Murphy: actor, director, writer, producer, funny man... and moderately close friend of The Marquesa.

It seems Eddie's film *Coming to America* — which grossed $300 million but, according to wizard Hollywood accountants, did not make a profit — is again the subject of litigation.

The writer Art Buchwald has already sued Paramount for breach of contract and been awarded a share of the "profits". While defending the case, however, Paramount said it had another script which was much closer than Buchwald's to the final film.

Now new negotiations are starting between Paramount and lawyers for two struggling screenplay writers, Ted Folke and Elisabeth Atfanu, who submitted the remarkably similar script both to Paramount and to a man who was then working with Richard Pryor but who ended up working with Eddie Murphy — on the script of *Coming to America*!

Their lawyer says Buchwald has yet to receive a cent of his meagre award — but that for plagiarism the damages are 100 percent of the gross.

HALLO! *SILENCE has descended following the brouhaha over the marriage of roly-poly Tory MP David Ashby and his spirited wife Silvana.*

Readers will recall how Mrs Ashby caused some embarrassment in government circles when she blamed her husband's friendship with a male doctor for wrecking their marriage. She cited a trip to France David had made with a Dr Ciaran Kilduff — and was even quoted as saying that Dr Kilduff had called the police on Christmas Day to evict her from his flat after she called there to invite her husband home for lunch.

Of course it was all a huge misunderstanding got up by tabloid tittle tattle merchants — ie the Sunday Times. And in a moving speech after their reconciliation and photo call, Mr Ashby said he'd slept with men "hundreds — no dozens of times"; but it was only to save money while away from home, and he certainly had not had sex with Dr Kilduff, who immediately backed him up on this.

With so many untruths flying around, Mr Ashby turned to the famous defamation lawyer Andrew Stephenson, of Peter Carter-Fuck & Partners, who promised action against those who reported Mrs Ashby's allegations. More than three months have passed... and we are still waiting for a hearing.

Come on Mr Stephenson: let's get those lying dogs into court before the local and European elections so Mr Ashby can campaign in his North Leicestershire constituency with this unfortunate business behind him.

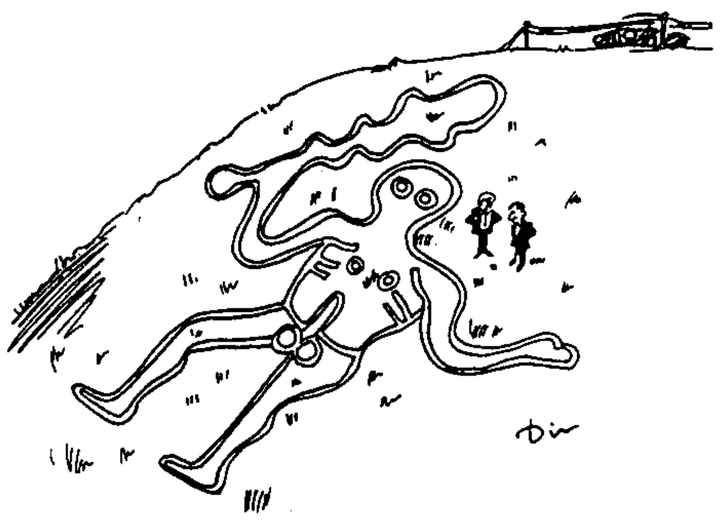
'The Marquesa'

HALLO! RUPERT ALLASON, the Tory MP for Torbay, invites Hallo! into the gentleman's lavatory of the Members' Bar at the House of Commons to talk exclusively about European integration.

This was the subject that landed him in so much trouble last year when he deliberately absented himself from the vital Maastricht vote, and we are keen to hear his views.

"I'm just practising my white flag procedure," he announces limply while looking down into the parliamentary urinal.

We take this to be a reference to John Major's surrender over changes in the majority voting rules of the European Union. Rupert is already in enough trouble with his whips it is not surprising he now unburdens himself in the privacy of the cloakroom rather on the floor of the House.



"Any other clues, Lewis?"

Pseuds Corner

I imagine the ball to be alive, sensitive, responding to the touch of my foot, to my caresses, like a woman with the man she loves.

ERIC CANTONA
The Times

Here he [Harold Brodkey] is, back in full, polished classical mode: "In memory Onni exists for me without weight, without presence, without volumes and masses and moods and without his own will. One finds no buried statues or old cities in the mind. The mind carries nothing tangible in itself. Everything is memory and opinion. Is ghostly. What a strange place to look for the spirit and flesh of an actual love." Look at the way that *and* is moving in the first sentence, the way it turns a thought into the music of a logicless list; the Latin extravagance of *tangible*; the sumptuous patrician plainness of a funerary ode, the severe closing in on nothing as the paragraph goes on.

PHILIP HENSHER
Guardian

It used to be that you could only be a hip intellectual in France, but I have proved that it can happen in England.

TOBY YOUNG
Evening Standard Magazine

Saturday 12th
MOONTIME, DRAGONTIME!
with Julie Simpson-Moody.
Time 10am-6pm. Fee: £25

A group of menstruating women is called A DRAGON.

This is a day for celebration and for healing. A day to dispel the myths and taboos surrounding women's blood; a day for womb-mem to reclaim their woman power to heal themselves, society and Mother Earth. Please wear warm, comfortable clothing, red if possible. Bring a drum, candles/crystals etc, to create a menstrual altar and food for a shared 'celebratory' meal. This workshop is not suitable for pregnant women.

Advertisement
Glastonbury Oracle

I seldom drink, but I did have the most marvellous wine ever. Just totally magical. It was Chateau Margaux 1961 Premier Grand Cru Classe. I won't say what it cost, but you could buy a pretty good car for the same price. I advise you to save for a year, or possibly two. Then go mad and buy some.

MICHAEL WINNER
Sunday Times

The penguin, an analogist symbol for her [Milena Dragicevic], provides a slightly different angle. Usually adorable and approachable, when placed in an art context the viewer is offered a final vision — "And the Last Thing I Saw Were Penguins", a vision to be reckoned with in the minute before waking or the instant before a disaster, thus also to be revealed as peripheral. In recent drawings, Penguins take on larger than life forms, alien and threatening, yet placed in quiet observation, signifying pathetic and disastrous human moments.

Press Release, Watermans Art Centre, Brentford

CONTRIBUTORS: A. Wall, T. Holliday, L. Gnome, G. Powell, N. Emblem, F. Watkins.

£10 paid for entries

STEPHEN DORRELL, the dapper financial secretary with an eye for public relations, is constantly promoting himself as a high-flier and future chancellor.

Like all such optimists, he butters his bread on both sides. In polite media circles he appears as a "wet" who deplored the excesses of the Thatcher years but still "knows how to run a business".

Yet Dorrell can also react sensitively to a "dangerous" campaign by wealthy Tory party donors, especially when they are backed by powerful backbenchers. Twice in recent days Dorrell has gone back on promises to the Inland Revenue to make changes which annoyed wealthy Tory voters everywhere.

In March he scrapped clause 241 of the finance bill which would have given the revenue powers to raid accountants' offices and seize documents. The entire accountancy profession set up a mighty weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Michael Stern, the normally self-effacing Tory MP for Bristol North West, burst into life and threw all his energies into knocking out the clause. His enthusiasm was inspired not so much by the number of angry accountants in Bristol as by his own paid consultancy, which started in 1992, to Cohen Arnold, er, accountants.

Stern persuaded several backbenchers to abstain and a tough parliamentary battle over the clause loomed — until Dorrell beat a retreat at the sound of gunfire.

He retreated again over a clause in the bill which knocked out the right of people who inherited money to take inflation into account when calculating capital gains tax. No one noticed this clause in public, but in private the wealthy and their accountants staged a mass revolt. It worked a treat. On 15 April, Dorrell grovelled and the requirement vanished. Higher rate taxpayers, it is said, could benefit by up to £4,000.

QUESTION: Why does Sir Donald Thompson, Tory MP for Calder Valley, keep asking hostile parliamentary questions about wind farms?

Answer: Because he hates wind farms. But that has nothing to do with his paid consultancy to the British Nuclear Forum.

LABOUR MPs are not noted for their comradely humour — but the exception is Robin Corbett, opposition spokesman on broadcasting.

As he went into the division lobby to vote on whether his colleague, Austin Mitchell, should be preferred to a Tory on the new select committee on Northern Ireland affairs, he turned to a Tory MP and said: "You must vote for Austin Mitchell because whoever is on the committee will be on a death list." Unfortunately for Corbett, Mitchell was voted down and the poisoned chalice went to Mark Wolfson.

THERE were unpleasant scenes in the Strangers' Bar at the Commons recently between John Reid, of Labour's frontbench team, and the politically correct trio of Barbara Roche, Helen Jackson and Dawn Primarolo.

The three Labour women took grave exception to Reid's use of the word "c**t". And when he tried to smooth the matter over by telling Roche she had no need to worry about her future because Labour leaders always "promoted Jews and Catholics", the women were somewhat unamused by Reid's tired and emotional reference to Ms Roche.

LABOUR's abysmal membership figures may be even worse than feared to judge by recent shenanigans in the West Midlands.

Party managers in Coventry have found that Jaswant Birdi, a local Labour councillor, paid en *bloc* the annual subscription fees for 81 Upper Stoke ward members in Coventry North-east.

Party rules state that no individual should pay for more than *five* people; but what made this worse was that when questioned, some of Birdi's 81 had no recollection of wanting to join Labour.

Moreover at least 20 of them were in full-time employment — even though Birdi had presented them as unemployed members at the concessionary rate of £5 instead of the full £15.

This is the same Jaswant Birdi who, in 1986, was suspended as chairman of a Labour party ward near Upper Stoke after allegations of voting discrepancies. And this is the same Upper Stoke ward that was suspended in 1988 after it was found that party meetings had been improperly held.

Meanwhile, in another part of the Coventry NE constituency, council hopeful Jagdish Dhillon was shocked to find that he'd been expelled from his local Labour party branch. He was shocked because he is a candidate in council elections for the *Liberal Democrats* and has never knowingly been a member of Labour.

Nevertheless, for the last 12 months he has received members' newsletters and even a membership card, although neither he nor any member of his family had tried to join the party. After continuing to ignore the correspondence Dhillon received a letter from the Coventry NE constituency telling him he'd been expelled — for associating with a rival political party!

Membership cock-ups seem to be something of a Labour tradition in the area. Three years ago Inspector Knacker was called into Coventry NE to investigate allegations that the local Asian vote had been manipulated to oust sitting MP John Hughes. And although Knacker found no evidence of criminal activity, it was found that several anti-Hughes postal votes had been written in the same hand-writing — and that among those voting against Hughes was a man who had been dead for four years.

ALL change in Warley East and Warley West, where the Boundary Commission has shifted half West's Labour voters into the East constituency.

Warley East would do nicely for any Labour MP seeking job security, but Warley West, the manor of MP John Spellar, clearly would not.

Strangely Warley East has suddenly found itself the centre of a flood of membership applications — all from one place, Brandhall Labour Club. Stranger still, most are from the over-60s group which meets at the club every Wednesday afternoon. Strangest of all, most of the pensioners haven't got a clue that they are now Labour party members. Their party cards haven't arrived nor any other documents.

While cynics suggest that when the time comes to select a new MP for the amended constituency, the pensioners' postal voting papers might not arrive either, that is completely unfair on the man behind the recruitment drive, Brandhall Labour Club chairman Bill Thomas. After all, Spellar would not employ Thomas as his professional political organiser if Thomas were not completely trustworthy.

WITH loyalist murder gangs on the rampage and Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionist party likely to increase its vote in this summer's European election, prospects for the Ulster Unionists are bleak.

The June poll will almost certainly be James Molyneaux's last outing before he slips into retirement leaving a safe mainstream unionist seat up for grabs at the general election.

Norman Lamont, whose current constituency will vanish due to boundary changes, has so far found Norman Fowler and Tory central office strangely reluctant to help in his search for another. Accordingly, the hopelessly discredited former chancellor has been hinting that he could make himself available as an Enoch Powell style "drop in" should the Unionists need his help. They don't (not least because of his earlier support for the Anglo-Irish agreement) and the search is on for a candidate with a more substantial history of involvement with the Orange cause.

One staunch son of Ulster being considered is former British Airways hardman David Burnside, who desperately wants to see the unionists formally rejoin the Conservative party, their current "arrangement" with Major being both temporary and motivated largely by a desire to keep Labour (and particularly Kevin McNamara) from power.

JOHN SMITH's commission on social justice has carried out an expensive survey which has come up with a very embarrassing conclusion about the Labour party's plans to integrate tax and benefit rates.

The survey comes out *against* integration; and if the commission reports accordingly Labour may have to change tack and adopt a much less radical strategy.

Who conducted the survey? None other than Andersen Consulting, the branch of Arthur Andersen that got such a hammering recently from the all-party public accounts committee over the Wessex health authority computer scandal. (A computing system proposed by Andersen Consulting lost at least £20 million of NHS money.)

But why should good Labour party money be spent on Andersen Consulting? Questions, please, to the chairman of the Labour party social justice commission, Sir Gordon Borrie.

Readers can of course write to Sir Gordon at Mirror Group Newspapers, where he is a director. The celebrated sacking by the Mirror Group management in 1992 of 100 journalists by the unusual device of ordering security guards to refuse them entry is, of course, unlikely to be investigated by the commission on social justice.

PS: The accountancy firm which held the majority of Mirror Group Newspapers shares at the time was... Arthur Andersen.

TOM HURD, son of the foreign secretary, is busily following in the family tradition.

Like his father, who was a career diplomat before entering politics, Hurd Junior joined the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. He has been working there since 1992 — but for the last year he has been an officer for MI6.

This is unprecedented behaviour for the son of a serving foreign secretary, and MI6 chief Sir Colin McColl had to visit Hurd *père* to seek his permission before making the appointment.

'Backbiter'

> "I might have been overdoing it a bit and I had been having trouble with my ears for ages. I had them checked at a clinic in Dublin and the doctors gave me a brain scan at the same time. There was nothing in it and nothing to worry about."
>
> *Aberdeen Press & Journal*

NOOKS and CORNERS

NEWS from Liverpool, which hopes to be chosen by the Arts Council as "City of Architecture and Design" in 1999.

Perhaps in some ways it deserves to be: after plumbing the depths in the days of Derek Hatton, Liverpool can now point to such things as the conversion of the Albert Dock and the incipient restoration of St George's Hall with justifiable pride.

So it is sad to record that the bad old days of the Shankland-Cox plan, which proposed making central Liverpool a motorway intersection, are not yet over, and the city council is now hoping to drive a new road through the city centre.

One of the pleasant things about Liverpool is how few cars there are: it is like being behind the iron curtain in the good old days. So the good councillors want to drag the city kicking and screaming into the 1960s and solve a non-existent traffic problem by smashing a new road from Leece Street to London Road through the run-down but redeemable urban area between the Metropolitan Cathedral and Lime Street station.

This will involve the demolition of the Pleasant Street School, part of which dates from 1808, as well as a decent row of 18th century buildings on the corner of Renshaw Street and Leece Street, and one listed building: no. 62 Mount Pleasant. Another listed building, no. 64 Mount Pleasant — will be cut in half.

Curiously, the highways and transport department of Liverpool city council claims that the new road "will safeguard listed buildings". It will also "stimulate development" — that is, by wiping out buildings that ought to be refurbished.

This level of self-delusion and fantasy reminds me that after the second world war the gutted shell of the Custom House was demolished "to relieve unemployment". Presumably it did not occur to the then city fathers that to restore this magnificent neo-Classical building would also have relieved unemployment. Fortunately, even the road-building fanatics of the department of the environment are unimpressed by such nonsense and have called this ridiculous road scheme in.

ANOTHER reason given for this gratuitous new road is that "it will impress tourists and investors". Really? The listed building which is to be mutilated is already much photographed as it is hallowed as the site of the marriage of John Lennon to poor Cynthia. "Culture" in Liverpool, of course, means those four young men who became multi-millionaires by cashing in on the glamour of being Scousers while hastening to brush the dust of their native city off their shoes.

Ask not what Liverpool may do for the Beatles but what the Beatles may do for Liverpool. Actually, the richest (and meanest?) survivor of the Fab Four is at long last giving a little cash to his native city.

Paul McCartney — one of the wealthiest men in Britain — offered money to found a Liverpool Institute of Performing Arts: provided, that is, the taxpayer came up with considerably more. This he did thanks to a vapid classless gesture by John Major. Now, with European money promised as well, work is under way to create LIPA in the derelict Liverpool Institution High School for Boys, a handsome neo-Classical building of 1835-37 in Mount Street, which is sanctified by once having been attended by both John and Paul.

The residents of Mount Street initially welcomed the project. Not any more. Although it purported to be a "community" venture, work has gone ahead without consultation and in flagrant defiance of by-laws governing construction sites.

Then the long-suffering residents were obliged to watch as contractors acting for the council first erected a temporary roof over the building and then took it down again, leaving the original roof without slates. New contractors acting for LIPA have continued this cavalier destruction and reduced the institution to a windowless gutted shell. And this was a listed building.

There is worse. Despite opposition from residents and amenity societies, listed building consent was granted for the demolition of the institution's single-storey gymnasium block. This is to be replaced by a five-storey "dance studio", designed by Messrs Brock Carmichael, which will rise higher than the original building and deprive Mount Street of sunlight and views of the Welsh hills. Yet all the required additional accommodation could have been built at the unprepossessing rear of the institution or placed in other disused buildings. The contrast with the treatment of the nearby Liverpool Institution High School for Girls, which is being carefully restored as a centre for women's education without provoking discontent, is marked.

What, indeed, is the point of listing historic buildings if they can still be gratuitously gutted and mutilated? But what are laws and heritage to Liverpool council if it can attach the money-spinning cachet of the name of a posturing ex-Beatle to a development? Were the distant days of Deggsy so very different?

'Piloti'

VIRTUAL REALITY

BY CUTTER PERKINS & RGJ

THE NASTIES ACT
IT LOOKS DEGRADING
I NEVER KNEW SO MANY DIFFERENT POSITIONS WERE POSSIBLE
VR
I'M OPPOSED TO CENSORSHIP
OH NO I'M NOT
OH YES I AM
HOWARDS END
IT'S A HORROR SHOW!
HE LIKES TO BE DOMINATED AND THEN HUMILIATED
VR
WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE AT ALTON TOWERS
WE SHOULD BE PROTECTED FROM SCENES LIKE THIS
SUITABLE FOR HOUSE VIEWING?
I AGREE TO A U-TURN CERTIFICATE...
GRATUITOUS CENSORSHIP
... AND MOVE THIS SICK AND PERVERTED ACT!
MINDS HAVE BEEN WARPED
IT WAS CHILD'S PLAY
CENSORED
RED WEDGE (THIN END)
I WISH PEOPLE HADN'T SEEN THIS

EYE TV

EastEnders
(BBC1)

THE Wembley or Lord's of television – the field in which the big battles between the channels took place – has changed over the years.

Once, viewers were most keenly fought for with variety shows; then with first-run Hollywood movies; then with sitcoms. Now, the favoured format for trying to bring them in is the soap opera.

Until 1983, competition in this genre could only be between rival ITV shows, but the arrival of the BBC's **EastEnders** and Channel 4's *Brookside* started a fight, which, last week, became a heavyweight scrap.

The disaster of *Eldorado*, for example, has not frightened Alan Yentob off soap per se, but, only new soaps. His budget contains money for old soap, and so the latest attempt to raise BBC1's audience share involves a third edition, on Mondays, of *EastEnders*.

The first week, ITV responded with a Bond movie, but, with the rise of the satellite movie channels, films are no longer terrestrial television's lethal weapon and ITV lost. This week, they ran against the new third slab of Sharon and Shell a double dose of *Coronation Street*. This is how it will be from now on. The motto on the desk of every scheduler readers: "In Soap We Hope".

Crucially, the old thugs' understanding in television that the top soaps stayed away from each others' turf — *EastEnders* on Tuesdays and Thursdays, *Coronation Street* on Mondays, Wednesdays and then Fridays, with *Brookside* on the latter three days but scheduled later — has now broken down. *EastEnders* and *Coronation Street* are going 'ead to 'ead.

And competition — as has been seen in so many areas of television since the 1980s — does not raise quality. It increases only the heat of the plots. The claim of *EastEnders* to be a distinctive public service soap — literate, tackling serious issues — has been abandoned.

Hence, the plots for the first three-week, saw Michelle Fowler — who has already been left a single mother by an older man who was shot, terrorised by a "stalker" in Albert Square, and suffered the kidnapping of her baby daughter — was held hostage in the East End knees-up family pub, and hospitalised with a shot gun wound. At a time — post-Alton — when television was being watched closely for its provision of home-video-nasties, this was behaviour by the BBC as insane as that of Shell, Sharon, and the other lovelies in failing to spot in advance that Grant Mitchell's new mate, Dougie, was a psychopath, despite a public manner so bizarre that he could become education secretary in the current government.

The new tussle between Salford and Walford on Monday nights will increase pressure to introduce ever more preposterous plots, a ratings chase which will encourage *Brookside* to drive psychological observation even further out of town in favour of psychiatric disorders.

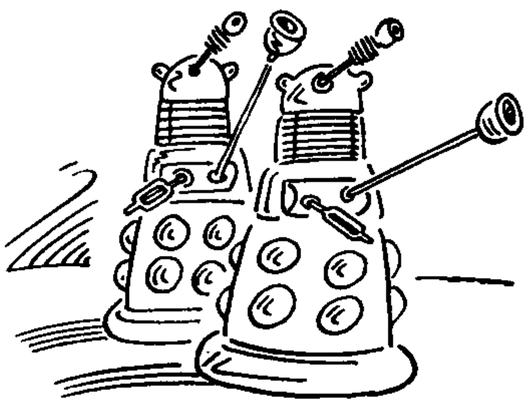
Phil Redmond's once tight and spiky serial already has a dead body in one of its backgardens, two murderers on the loose, one of whom, Jimmy Corkhil, has recently become a heroin addict with suspected Aids and also a burglar. And Margaret, one of the local girls, has had affairs with a priest, a teenage girl and a married army deserter in the space of a few months. Believe me, *Brookside* needs pressure towards sensationalism like Margaret needs a phone call from Bill Wyman.

What next? Unable to beat each other, the soap operas may yet be forced to join up. Mad Dougie from *EastEnders* turns up in Brookside Close to sweet-talk Margaret into another romantic mistake, telling her that his sawn-off shotgun is one of the items from his antiques shop, then post-coitally holding her hostage. Jimmy Corkhill, on the run from justice in Liverpool, reaches Salford, where he is employed as gardener by Derek and Mavis.

Ridiculous? Not much more so than what is currently being seen. We hear a great deal about the "Americanisation" of British television, but, in the genre of soap opera, what we are witnessing is the "Brazilification". And, if all this television competition starts pushing down the listening figures for *The Archers*, stand by for a heroin-crazed Eddie Grundy terrorising Ambridge's residents during the siege of The Bull.

'Square Eyes'

BIRTSPEAK



THERE has been an encouraging response to our request for further examples of Birtspeak.

The undisputed champion of gobbledegook continues to be the BBC's personnel director, Margaret Salmon, who recently held a lunchtime seminar for her department entitled "Competencies in the BBC".

"The concept of job competency," she announced in a memo, "is far broader than simply the skills required to perform a particular role. The start point for the discussion, therefore, is to highlight the meaning of competency as applied within the BBC. Much work has been undertaken across the BBC in identifying, and applying, competency frameworks... There are further applications, across a range of human resource management activities, that as yet are untapped within the BBC."

MEDIA NEWS

FOLLOWING Rupert Murdoch's decision to drop BBC World Service from his pan-Asian satellite TV station Star, Hong Kong governor Chris Patten will be spared coverage of his former puppet (*Shurely "leader"? Ed.*) **John Major's upcoming poll defeats.**

Other more permanent Asian residents, particularly in China, who would rather like to see a reasonably democratic TV news service must therefore await the arrival of Cable News Network. CNN staff are already promoting themselves as suitable replacements for the BBC, and tut-tutting Rupert Murdoch's brown nosing of Chinese dictators.

Alas their sense of superiority over Star may prove misplaced. For as the People's Army mercilessly mowed down the student protestors of Tiananmen Square, none other than CNN founder Ted Turner came to Beijing's defence. Turner angrily attacked the students for demonstrating against the government and backed hated premier Li Peng in his denunciation of their "law breaking".

Just as well no massacres are planned for Hong Kong in a couple of years' time or CNN's editors might face a difficult task.

THIS Sunday's mass love-in at the annual Bafta awards will have to be less extravagant than last year's.

For the well-endowed (*sic*) luvvies' organisation is at crisis point, facing debts of £2.3 million after "over-expansion into the conference business".

Two days before Christmas Reg Collin, Bafta's director from 1977-1987, was hurriedly recalled to replace Tony Byrne, whose six years at Bafta ended suddenly and mysteriously on the same day.

The terms of Byrne's departure were kept quiet. And the only hint that there might have been something wrong was a report in the *Observer* that Bafta trustees wanted to interview Byrne over an "accounting shortfall" of £20,000. But no one should have been surprised.

Byrne joined BAFTA in 1987 from Bristol where he had been director of the Bristol Marketing Board, a quango-type mix of the then Tory Bristol council and local business suits.

In his first year there was a deficit of £39,000, for which, Bristol city council auditors said, there was "no budgetary provision". Projected losses of £163,000 in 1983-85 were underestimated by another £45,000. An anxious city council report referred in particular to a freebie on the Orient Express which cost £103,000 and raised £26,000.

Bristol's relationship with the former Great Western Railway was judged by Byrne to be a springboard for fund-raising. But the first ceremony for the GWR had to be cancelled and the Pittsburgh Philharmonic Orchestra, which had been invited to perform, got £25,000 in compensation. The 150th anniversary celebrations of the GWR in 1986 — expected to get international money pouring into Bristol — resulted in £44,700 pouring out.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"WHAT'S UP, LICENCE PAYERS?"
BAB
"HE'S A NATIONAL JOKE...
HE OBVIOUSLY KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT BROADCASTING...
Prince Edward to make Prog for BBC
AND IS A USELESS WASTE OF TAX, PAYERS' MONEY!"
"OH WELL IN THAT CASE...
EDDIE! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKEOVER ANDERSON COUNTRY?"
"Treble cups of tea all round!"
Ken Ryne

HACKWATCH: Dr Vernon Coleman

IN THE olden days, "A Doctor Writes..." columns dispensed practical advice on ailments: what to do about recurring headaches, or how to treat gout. Now, like agony-aunt columns, they are little more than an excuse for sexual titillation.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in "Dr Vernon Coleman's casebook", a weekly spread in the *Sunday People* by a former GP who packed in his practice when he realised he could make more money in the Street of Shame.

The range of Dr "Turnon's" medical interests is all too clearly shown by the subjects of his premium-rate telephone "helplines" which he plugs in the column every week: "how to have sex with a man with a big penis"; "advice for virgins"; "sex positions you might not have tried"; "other people's favourite sexual fantasies"; "oral sex — advice for women". This latter recording includes the useful information that an average ejaculation of semen contains only five calories, and is therefore compatible with a calorie-controlled diet.

As well as advertising his lucrative phone-lines, Dr Coleman answers readers' letters. At the head of the page every week, he promises that "together, we can change things, conquer injustice and make Britain a healthier place to live in".

10 October 1993: "Six years ago, when my husband was 48, he suddenly told me that he wanted to wear a bra and panties... Is this common among men?" "Yes," Dr Coleman reassures her. "Massive numbers of men hurry off to work wearing lacy underwear beneath their dark suits... For more information — and case histories — of men who wear women's clothes, phone my advice line on 0839..." (Charges: 48p per minute peak rate, 36p off-peak.)

31 October: Here we go again. A reader writes: "When I went to bed with my current boyfriend for the first time I had quite a shock. I discovered that he wears women's knickers underneath his trousers... Have you heard of other men doing this?" You bet. In recent years, Dr Coleman enthuses, "thousands of perfectly heterosexual men have decided that knickers intended for women feel much nicer and are sexier to wear. Many men have discarded their Y-fronts and boxer shorts in favour of silky panties." Meanwhile, a reader who complains that her husband is utterly boring is given some helpful medical advice: "Stop whingeing."

7 November: The column is illustrated, as it is most weeks, with photos of women in stockings and suspenders. Today, the doctor explains why: "Men get terribly turned on by seeing women wearing sexy underwear... There isn't a woman in the world so pretty or alluring that skimpy, flimsy underwear wouldn't make her sexier." For further details, he urges readers to call one of his premium-rate phone lines.

21 November: "My fiancé and I have a satisfying love life but he is constantly trying to persuade me to have sex in different positions... He also wants me to wear some sexy clothes he has bought me, but this seems rather dirty... I am beginning to think that he may be a pervert." The doctor's diagnosis is simple: "You sound like a prude."

28 November: "I suffer from a cold bum, but my doctor says my circulation is excellent." Again, Dr Coleman has a clinical suggestion: "Wear warmer knickers."

5 December: A damsel in distress approaches the doctor for help. "I work as a secretary but my hobby is following the local hunt. The people I work with found out and are making my life miserable. What can I do?" Dr Coleman radiates sympathy: "I am delighted to hear that your life is miserable," he tells her. "I do hope things get worse for you. The social psychopaths who hunt wild animals are intellectually deprived, parentally challenged, bloodthirsty port louts. People like you who go out and watch people hunt are even worse. Why not take up a less barbaric hobby? You could try bungee-jumping, for example — and for an extra special thrill you could forget to tie yourself on to the rope."

19 December: A reader complains about Dr Coleman's "outrageous" reply to the letter from the hunt supporter. The doctor's riposte shows his bedside manner at its best: "May your balls rot and drop off, may your TV set receive only black and white pictures and may your car never start. You are a pathetic, whingeing, snivelling dickhead."

26 December: A man who kept a calendar of nude pin-ups in his office is in trouble with his boss. What does the doctor advise? "I have several filing cabinets packed with boring research papers," Dr Coleman reveals, "and I slip pictures of naked women torn from newspapers or magazines amid the files at random. So when I'm hunting through a filing cabinet drawer, my eyes will occasionally alight on a picture of a beautiful woman with no clothes on... It wakes me up, cheers me up and helps me to keep on concentrating. It does no one any harm — so screw them."

2 January 1994: "I recently found a pair of my wife's panties in my underwear drawer by mistake. I don't know why I did it, but I tried them on. I found the sensation so exciting that I kept them on all day... Do you think I could be cracking up or turning gay?" This gives the doctor a chance to return to his favourite theme. Lots of men wear women's underwear, he insists, and good luck to them: "You'll find more case histories and advice about transvestism on my helpline number 0839..."

9 January: "My husband has found out that I have had an affair and he wants to know why. I can't tell him the truth — it would kill him." For the truth is that he's incapable of arousing her to orgasm. Dr Coleman is as emollient as ever: "If you really loved your husband then it wouldn't matter a damn. Your determination to obtain satisfaction the way you want it is juvenile and inconsiderate. I'm afraid I find your pathetic attempt to blame your own husband indefensible."

16 January: A footballer's wife complains that her husband's team manager forbids players to make love before a big match. "Your first problem," Dr Coleman diagnoses, "is that your husband is a member of a team which is managed by a complete pillock. Your second problem is that your husband, who is allowing this idiot to run his life, is also a complete pillock."

Elsewhere, Dr Coleman sounds off about the number of foreign-trained doctors working in the national health service: "I know it is considered politically incorrect even to hint that people of other nationalities might not be competent to do jobs that the law says they can do. Well, bugger all that." The plain fact is, he explains, that foreign doctors "don't understand Britain or British people. The EC bureaucrats might like to think that Europe is one nation. But it isn't. We have different problems." Such as dressing up in women's underwear, presumably.

23 January: Yet another letter from a reader whose husband likes dressing in women's clothes. "For a while I was worried that our marriage would be threatened. But I now find my husband's hobby exciting and, sexually, extremely stimulating." Dr Coleman is delighted. "Transvestism," he reveals, "is considerably more popular than hunting, British Rail or the current government."

20 February: A familiar problem rears its head once more. A woman suspects that her husband has been wearing her stockings and suspenders; worse, she finds the idea exciting. Dr Coleman is thrilled to welcome another convert: "Next time you're making love, tell him you read a letter in a newspaper about a woman whose husband wears stockings and suspenders when they make love. Tell him the idea turned you on. And ask him if he'd like to try it."

20 March: A woman who has been having an affair with her husband's boss wants to call it off; but the boss says he'll sack her husband if she does. What does the doctor suggest? "Call the bastard's bluff... Warn him that you will encourage your husband to sue for wrongful dismissal — and that you will entertain the resulting tribunal and the listening journalists with a blow-by-blow account of his sexual inadequacies."

27 March: Yet another reader says that he finds it "terrifically stimulating" to wear his wife's lingerie. Dr Coleman is not surprised. "I get DD cup-fuls of letters from men who enjoy dressing up in women's clothing," he boasts.

10 April: Dr Coleman offers reassurance to a female reader who can't grip her husband's penis with her vagina. "There is", he reveals, "a simple but effective exercise you can do to strengthen your vaginal muscles... With a little practice, you should be able to clutch something as thin as a pencil in your vagina." Naturally, *People* readers cannot expect to get such valuable information free of charge. "You'll find details of this exercise," he explains, "by telephoning 0839..." Which, at 49p a minute, should ensure DD cup-fuls of dosh for the grasping GP.

Much more fun than curing the sick, eh?

EXCITING news from BBC Television's equal opportunities department, which is launching "an innovative pilot scheme to support the development of women staff" at the corporation.

Alas, word of this commitment to help women "develop their careers" has apparently not yet reached the BBC's newsroom, where several women recently asked if they could work "flexi-hours" when they returned to work after having babies.

The reply from a senior manager was succinct: "fit in or fuck off."

JOHN BIRT's new BBC Conference Centre, built for his popular "Extending Choice" staff workshops, means "Diminishing Choice" for the BBC pioneers of the Alexandra Palace Television Society.

These now elderly types — who brought television to our screens and were instrumental in building the BBC's former reputation for excellence — like to meet up once a year for old time's sake.

This year, however, the veterans found that they could not actually afford to hire the Conference Centre, and their appeal to the Chief Dalek to reduce the fee was very generously ignored.

The old folk are now looking for somewhere more friendly than the BBC to reminisce about the, er, BBC.

ASTONISHINGLY, even staff at Bush House cannot now afford to use BBC conference rooms. So they have found an interesting way round the problem.

Some nearby hostelries have said they will provide a room for free so long as the BBC people buy plenty of drinks. This arrangement will no doubt lead to greatly improved efficiency in decision making and help local businesses — everyone, that is, except the poor wretches who have to make the BBC conference rooms *profitable*. So it really will be doubles and trebles all round...

"Freeze, punk... Freud Squad"

IMPORT EXPERT

TANTALISING news for unpaid creditors of Rindalbourne Ltd, the textile importer that crashed owing £11 million in October 1990 — a few days after Lord Wilson, the ex-prime minister, and Lord Whaddon, the ex-Labour MP Derek Page, resigned as non-executive directors.

The firm went down 10 months after being blamed for persuading Lord Wilson to send a bizarre birthday message to the tyrant Nicolae Ceausescu in Romania. It read: "Only those who have had the responsibility of leading a government can appreciate what this entails. You have raised the Romanian nation to a unique role in the world."

Wilson later told the *Observer*: "It was Rindalbourne who asked me to do it."

The firm twice chartered planes in 1985 to fly into Romania with a team led by Wilson and including Tory and Labour politicians, a retired bishop and two hacks. They won a £100 million trade protocol for Rindalbourne, and Ceausescu was given a lavish table centrepiece made by a London jeweller.

Nigel Guinle, the man behind the crashed firm, has now emerged again as a player in the import business, supplying high street shops with east European clothes. Textiles worth millions will be shipped from Romania and Bulgaria this year in deals he has organised.

Despite personal guarantees to six unpaid bankers of Rindalbourne, including Midland and Charterhouse banks, Guinle avoided personal bankruptcy in the 1990 crash and still lives in a dinky mews near Hyde Park. His wife Miriam owns most of the shares in the UK arm of his new transnational trading network, a £100 firm called Champbridge Ltd which was once a subsidiary of the crashed company. Mrs Guinle bought it cheap off the Rindalbourne liquidators, KPMG Peat Marwick McClintock.

Lord Whaddon, an expert on trade with Poland and eastern Europe, is back with a seat on the Chambridge board. The ex-Labour, ex-SDP peer, now taking the Liberal Democrat whip in the Lords, said: "I see nothing that can be held against Nigel Guinle, except the man's timing. It was a victim of the recession. I was very sad when it went down after a mistimed attempt to expand. It was very highly geared. I have heard that a settlement with the banks is just being reached."

Midland Bank and KPMG Peat Marwick will not say if Nigel Guinle and his brother Tony have reached an arrangement over their outstanding personal guarantees to creditors, and neither man was available for comment last week.

This time there have been radical changes in Nigel's corporate style. The business is shielded by a Liechtenstein trust called "Summerain", which owns a company called Balmargo in Bulgaria and another called Camargo in Romania. The two firms would permit profits from trade with Britain and Germany to be syphoned into Vaduz, that Euro capital once so useful to Robert Maxwell.

Agents working for a Rindalbourne creditor have discovered that another Guinle firm, Sanit Ltd, has entered a joint venture with one of Bulgaria's biggest knitwear manufacturers, the state-owned Sanja Pleven corporation. A Bulgarian-registered firm, Tricolana Ltd, wholly owned by the "Summerain" trust, will handle exports when they start this month.

When lorries of cardigans arrive this summer, unpaid creditors of Rindalbourne seeking an overview of this complicated business might want to consult Lord Whaddon direct at Whaddon, Herts.

MASS MURDOCH IN INDONESIA

THE Indonesian foreign minister, Ali Alatas, has been trying since 1988 to give President Suharto a much needed public relations boost. He needs it.

Indonesia's record of systematic mass-murder in East Timor, including two massacres at *Dili*, has created a bit of an image problem for the old tyrant. And the latest Alatas initiative began on 10 April with a press conference in Jakarta and an invitation to journalists to roll up for an escorted "fact"-finding tour.

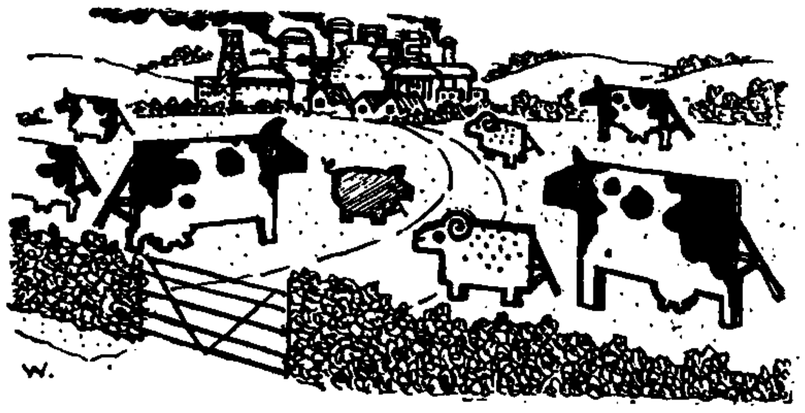
The chap from the *Guardian*, Nicholas Cummings-Bruce, pointed out that of course the whole exercise was intended "to try to shake off international condemnation" (11 April). But another hack, Patrick Walters from *The Australian* (prop: R. Murdoch), was more expansive. He reported that Alatas "gave a detailed breakdown of census figures for East Timor which he said gave the lie to the persistent claims of 200,000 dead" before devoting a generous six paragraphs to the minister's reasoning.

Walter concluded: "Often-repeated claims that much larger numbers (250,000 and up) have died... are mostly based on extrapolation from population data". But this data *had* been collected from reliable sources, including the United Nations, the Centre for Defence Information in Washington and, er, an official Indonesian government census.

When Walter asked Alatas how many had died, the minister said: "We don't know". But oh yes we do. When asked by Cummings-Bruce about the 200,000 figure, Indonesia's own governor of East Timor admitted: "I think it's true."

Why should one of Rupert Murdoch's papers show such optimism about Indonesia? Certainly not because the Indonesian firm PT MCI, owned by Suharto's children, is developing a direct broadcasting satellite system, Indostar I, which, Walters has said, is of "considerable interest" to Mr Murdoch.

DOWN ON THE FARM



THE LIGHTS at Whitehall Place, home of the lunatic ministry of agriculture, aka the Maffia, have been burning late after its officials made a complete pig's ear of a recent court case. To be precise, a hundred pigs' ears were involved.

Last April Clive and Gary Barnwell, two brothers who run a small slaughterhouse at Milton Keynes, were so incensed at the Maffia's insane interpretation of the Euro meat inspection regulations that they slaughtered 50 pigs without the crazy system of veterinary inspection insisted on by Maffia officials.

The Maffia's poodle, Milton Keynes borough council, was quick off the mark and obligingly brought a prosecution against the errant brothers. The Barnwells responded by telling the Maffia they intended to ask for the case to be referred to the European court of justice, where they were confident that Euro judges would at last, er, rein in the horns of our lunatic ministry.

Faced with the prospect of its bluff being called and having to admit that it had virtually destroyed the British meat industry for no reason at all — other than to set up its veterinary placemen with jobs for the boys at £65 per hour — the Maffia hired no fewer than three barristers, two of them extremely expensive silks. A senior ministry vet then visited one of the brothers, dropping a subtle hint that the legal costs stacked up by his ministry would crucify them if the case proceeded.

On this basis, he then invited the Barnwells to bow out of the case, offering them a cost-free exit if they were to oblige. Fortunately, a tape machine had been to hand during the meeting and, unbeknown to the Maffia emissary, the proceedings had been duly recorded.

Even then, the outrageous Maffia had not counted on his honour Judge Devlin who, late last month at Aylesbury crown court — when the trial finally commenced — called defence and prosecution barristers together to read the riot act.

Having seen a draft consultation document, in which the Maffia had at last conceded that pigs would no longer have to be veterinary-inspected — but only after 1 April this year — the judge concluded that to prosecute the Barnwells for an action which last year had been an "offence" which, this year, would no longer be against the rules — without the regulations having changed — would be "monstrous".

Several days of agonised debate at Whitehall Place ensued, after which it became clear to the crestfallen Maffia that it was going to get no change out of Judge Devlin. It instructed its council poodles to throw in the towel, leaving the Barnwells' estimated £30,000 costs to be paid by taxpayers out of public funds.

As it turns out, even if the Maffia had decided to proceed, the case could not have gone ahead as vital ministry papers had not been disclosed to the defence. And it appears that, contrary to crown prosecution service guidelines, neither had they been disclosed to the prosecuting barristers, a defect which had also marred the Matrix Churchill trial.

Yet even after the judge ordered the papers to be disclosed, Maffia lawyers argued — again redolent of Matrix Churchill — that they would have to be examined "to see whether public interest immunity certificates would apply". The Barnwells are still wondering what element of national security is involved in the Maffia insisting on veterinary inspections of meat.

But this is not all. In the few papers which were disclosed, defence lawyers discovered a number of copy letters, sent by Milton Keynes council on behalf of the Maffia counsel, trawling for dirt on one of the Barnwells' key technical witnesses. Asking for any information "that may be relevant to his credibility and/or independence", it seemed the Maffia was preparing to go to any lengths to avoid a reference to Europe, if need be by attacking witnesses rather than the technical arguments they might have offered.

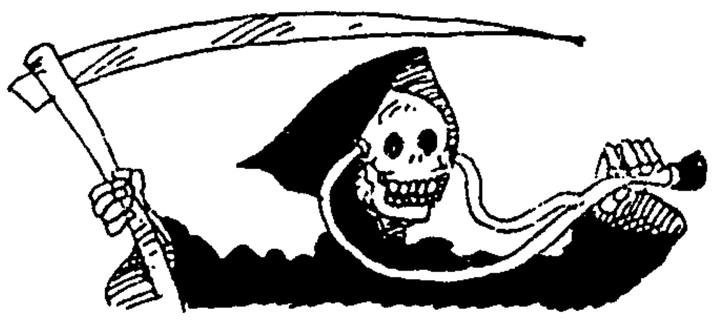
As for the Maffia's own key witness, a willing Northern Ireland vet by the name of D.S. Collins, he has been duly rewarded by being appointed to the so-called Independent Veterinary Products Committee. As this presides over advice on the safety of pesticides such as the nerve-gas-based organophosphorous sheep dips — which the ministry recently refused to ban — it is comforting to know that we are in such safe, independent hands.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

RABBIT AN' COD FLAVOURED MEATY CHUNKS!! WHY THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU BUYIN' THIS WHEN THE BARNS ARE OVERRUN WI' RATS?
WE CAN'T AFFORD THIS SORT OF EXTRAVAGANCE!
I DON'T GET IT EVERY WEEK PET, AN' IT'S TOO LATE TO TAKE IT BACK NOW...
SO—WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE WITH IT?



DOING THE ROUNDS

FIVE senior doctors at Raigmore NHS trust in Inverness have written to chairman James Kyle on behalf of consultants to tell him how the hospital has fared since becoming a trust a year ago.

"The new regime has transformed a previously close-knit, public-spirited hospital community into one that is horribly dispirited. Staff who loved the hospital and gave freely of their time and energy to improve it are now treated with disregard bordering on callousness.

"The trust is entirely driven by financial imperatives rather than a will to deliver better health care, a situation that would have been unthinkable two years ago. The management rules by diktat and operates with an excess of zeal, officiousness and discourtesy, imposing cash limits with little regard for effectiveness and commonsense.

"It has arbitrarily refused to recognise the local negotiating committee and removed doctors from the decision making. Medical secretaries have had their morale and devotion squandered, appeals for regrading from cardiology technicians have been handled with staggering insensitivity and laboratory staff learnt of their jobs going to private tender in the local news paper."

As Mr Kyle responded: "We have had a successful year."

RING OF NO-CONFIDENCE

AVRIL Dongworth, disgraced ex-chief executive of Luton and Dunstable NHS trust (LADNT) (*Eye* 842) is unlikely to be out of a job for long.

Ms Dongworth, a loyal Tory, somehow secured the top job at LADNT after leaving Lister hospital following a massive vote of no confidence in her management style (*Eyes passim*). She swiftly introduced gagging clauses into job contracts at LADNT and dominated the staff, including chairman David Young, a forgetful, ex-Vauxhall Motors employee.

Ms Dongworth came unstuck when consultant John Spencer found a bug on his telephone. The phone was an outside line that could have given Ms Dongworth confidential information about patient care. She was suspended by Mr Young, who claimed to have no knowledge of the bug and then reinstated her 48 hours later, despite another overwhelming vote of no confidence.

Ms Dongworth subsequently resigned her £65,000 post but is still drawing her salary as an employee of **North West Thames DHA** and is rumoured to have been offered a £200,000 pay off and a plum NHS job elsewhere. As a NWTDHA spokesman said: "You can't say that someone of Avril's calibre should be lost to the health service forever because of one mistake."

Meanwhile, the Woman's Royal Voluntary Service, which has been running a shop and tea bar at LADNT for 30 years and has raised £400,000 for the hospital since 1982, have been told to get out and make way for private enterprise.

● THE newly formed **Winchester and Eastleigh healthcare trust** has celebrated its financial independence with the usual trappings of logos, letterheads and refurbishment of the management block. In addition, £4,000 has been spent on pot plants in every office — including the theatre suite where such decorations constitute a sterility hazard. The plant money could have funded six varicose vein operations; and local fundholders in financial difficulties have asked the trust to slow-track their patients.

PRIVATE PARTS

LIVERPOOL's Aintree hospital trust is seeking private funding to build and operate a "low dependency unit" at Fazakerley hospital. The private unit will comprise a patient hotel, dining room, conference unit and kitchen. Plans are also afoot to build a luxury hotel in the grounds of Birmingham's Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, where patients now have to wait 26 weeks for an initial outpatient appointment.

● MR NABIL Haddad, surgeon and clinical director of the **Women and Children's directorate** at the **Countess of Chester hospital NHS trust**, wrote an illuminating letter to trust chairman M.F. Pemberton: "This afternoon there was a meeting at the post-graduate medical centre entitled *Can this hospital survive?*. On my way to it, I was bleeped back to the office to be told that 50 percent of our workload for next week had been cancelled, including four gynaecological operating lists, apparently due to staff shortages. As patients are booked well in advance, it is very difficult to give them a date in the near future without cancelling someone else and I spent the whole afternoon trying to sort this out. I was therefore unable to discover whether the hospital can survive."

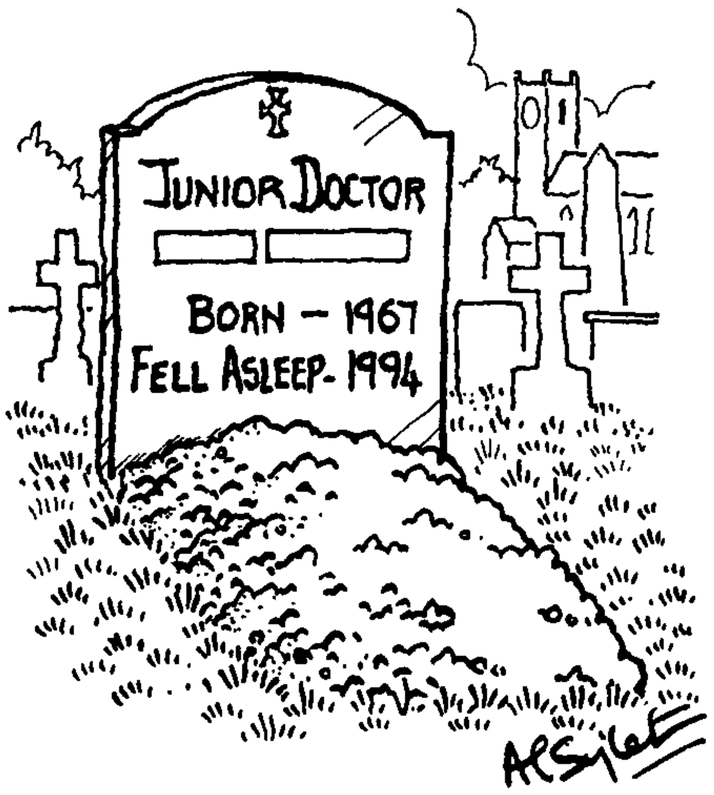
BRUM PUNCHED

AT Birmingham's Good Hope, Dudley Road and Heartlands NHS trusts they are facing cuts of £8.8 million. The already overrun Dudley Road hospital has been told by the newly formed North Birmingham health authority that £3.4 million, five wards and a hundred nursing posts must go to keep in line with West Midlands RHA's *Looking Forward* plans. As Dr Ken Taylor, chairman of the medical staff committee, put it: "Patients are being treated like cattle at an auction."

Birmingham University medical school has had to postpone the appointment of a senior lecturer specialising in breast cancer because of a paucity of applicants. Two of the city's breast cancer specialists, Mr Michael Morrisson at **Selly Oak Hospital** and Mr Geoff Oates from the **General Hospital**, have decided to quit the NHS because of "difficulties in maintaining the quality of services". Also leaving is Gillian Todd, who resigned as chief executive of **South Birmingham HA** after making flawed assessments about the future viability of some hospitals and ending her reign £12 million in the red. She has been rewarded with the top job at **South Glamorgan DHA**.

● **Eastbourne NHS trust** has announced that 750 fewer patients will be treated this year because **East Sussex health authority** is short of money. And at **Glasgow Royal Infirmary**, porters are considering strike action after a re-tendering of their services has forced a 6 percent pay cut. On 1 April, Executive Health Care replaced Mediguard as the providers after bidding £30,000 less. The porters can look forward to an impressive £3.24 an hour, with overtime at nights and weekends paid at the basic rate.

M.D.



"One day, son, all of this will be wars"

RAIL NEWS

THERE'S no money in building trains — but for some there is plenty to be earned by not building trains.

Last month another 696 redundancies were announced at ABB Transportation, formerly British Rail Engineering Ltd (*see Eyes passim*), because orders for new trains have dried up as millions are spent on new bureaucrats instead of desperately needed new rolling stock.

Parent company ABB, based in Sweden and Switzerland, plans to buy the remaining shares in the British company (it already holds 88 per cent). Curiously, it wants to fork out £17.07 per share for a company which last year made an operating loss of £13.3 million on a turnover of £518.4 million — and reported a similarly abysmal financial performance the previous year.

The share purchase is being greeted with suspicion by ordinary ABB Transportation workers, who were not allowed to buy more than 43 shares each. But it will delight directors Chris Sheppard and John Darby, who by selling their shares stand to make £750,000 and £170,000 respectively.

THE brave new world of rail competition has opened up exciting possibilities for British Rail's disabled passengers.

At the major station in Leeds, where the disabled can use the goods lift to get from platform to platform and people in wheelchairs are allowed to sit next to odd bits of junk in the guard's van if there is room — BR has just raised £40,000 in sponsorship to improve the situation.

The stress of rail travel for the disabled will be greatly alleviated: not by a boring passenger lift or a series of ramps — but by an ornamental garden at the end of a platform where passengers can "relax".

Sadly, Sir Jimmy Savile's opening of the garden was marred by a few niggardly disabled who chained themselves to a train in protest and caused the ceremony to be abandoned.

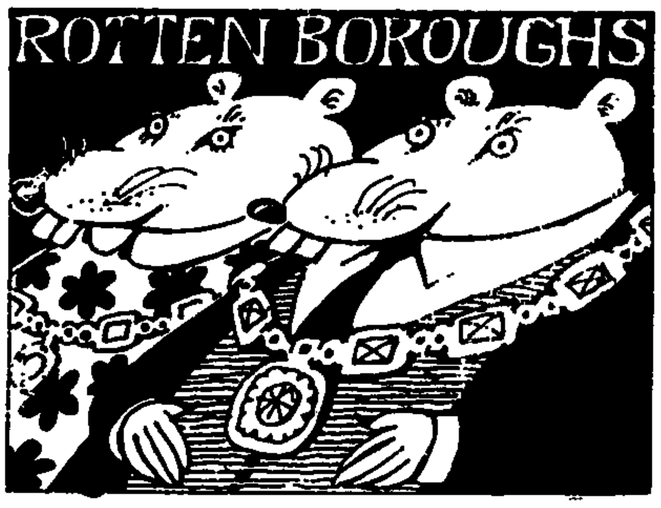
ANDREW DOW, one of our most knowledgeable railway historians, has quit as head of the National Railway Museum at York — to the consternation of Britain's steam buffs.

His departure is in line with the plans of Sir Neil Cossons, director of the Science Museum, to dismiss experienced museum staff and bring in PR spin doctors (see *Eye* 836).

The official reason for his leaving the NRM, an outstation of the Science Museum, was that Dow wanted to spend more time with his aero industry. But sources in the world of preserved steam trains believe it had something to do with his enthusiasm for steam railways and Sir Neil's antipathy to them.

Last October "Dame Neil", as Cossens is known at the Science Museum, hit out publicly at those who spend their Sunday afternoons restoring old engines and carriages. He sneeringly suggested that such amateurs lacked scholarship and a grasp of commercial reality, and were generally unfit to be trusted with historic steam engines.

Dow, by contrast, was eager to see the NRM's equipment loaned to volunteer-run steam lines across the country. They function as open-air museums, allowing the general public to enjoy old-fashioned travel and see steam engines performing the tasks they were built for. Now that Mr Dow has left, steam buffs are afraid the NRM will call in its loaned equipment, which ranges from spare parts to complete locos. At least one preservation society has already been asked to return NRM items.



TOWER HAMLETS

LIBERAL Democrats are still in disarray in fascist-infested Tower Hamlets.

In the Globe Town Holy Trinity ward near Mile End, an NF stronghold in the 1970s, there will be four "official" Liberal candidates for three seats.

In a bewildering cock-up, local Lib Dems voted to select two of the three sitting councillors, Jonathan Stokes and John Nudds, and a new hopeful, Nicola Gale, rather than sitting Bengali councillor Akikur Rahman.

When Paddy Ashdown's PC police twigged that all three hopefuls were white, a kangaroo court was hastily convened to turf out Nudds. On Easter Friday the high court overturned Nudds's deselection as being "unconstitutional and illegal", while at a later meeting the Libs appealed and lost, with one member dragged from court for threatening Mr Nudds.

In fear of Paddy, the Lib Dems have ignored the ruling and nominated Stokes, Gale and Rahman, with Nudds submitting himself. So confused Globe Town voters can now split their Liberal votes among a squad of four, while agent David Loxton could be in contempt of court if he puts out literature supporting the three non-Nudds candidates.

The increasingly confident BNP is sure to do all it can to make political capital out of this farce.

HAVERING

ROMFORD Tory hard-nut Albie Tebbutt has been a naughty boy again.

Three years ago the removals king and Tory councillor was convicted of assault and actual bodily harm after beating up a member of a residents' association. Now he's in trouble with the Child Support Agency (CSA).

Although married Albie has a love-child following extra-curricular activities with a local woman who is not his wife. So dearly does Albie love the lad he pays just £30 a week for his upkeep, which complements the £30 the boy's mother receives from the DSS. The CSA says he should pay £90.

The hard-working councillor, a director of the highly-successful Copsey's Removal Firm, is clearly not earning enough. But the CSA is not impressed. If he doesn't cough up no less a fellow Tory than Peter Lilley, secretary of state for social security, "intends to take enforcement action to seek recovery of these arrears".

WALSALL

WHO is behind the plan to turn a collapsing clay quarry in Walsall into Europe's premier toxic dump, with millions of tonnes of chemical, industrial and domestic waste pouring in from across the continent?

Step forward Parkhill Reclamation, an off-the-shelf company with no track record that was set up all of 10 minutes ago — well, last year anyway — and is controlled through a Guernsey-based offshore trust.

It was set up by one Colin Cornes, a former senior manager of that well-known firm, Leigh Environmental, the outfit that was behind the famous Karin B waste-ship scandal and is one of the local Tory party's biggest donors in the Walsall area.

Funnily enough, Leigh has a huge site very near to the collapsing clay quarry that Cornes wants to prop up with poison waste — and Leigh urgently needs to expand. Locals would of course react furiously if Leigh ever put its name to anything — but those suspicious of Parkhill's intentions can be reassured.

Parkhill says it has no intention of selling to Leigh "in the foreseeable future". So that's all right, then, isn't it?

Meanwhile, why the Tories who run Walsall and own the hole should want to *extend* it — and why they seem so keen to turn it into a waste dump — remains a mystery.

MURKEYSIDE

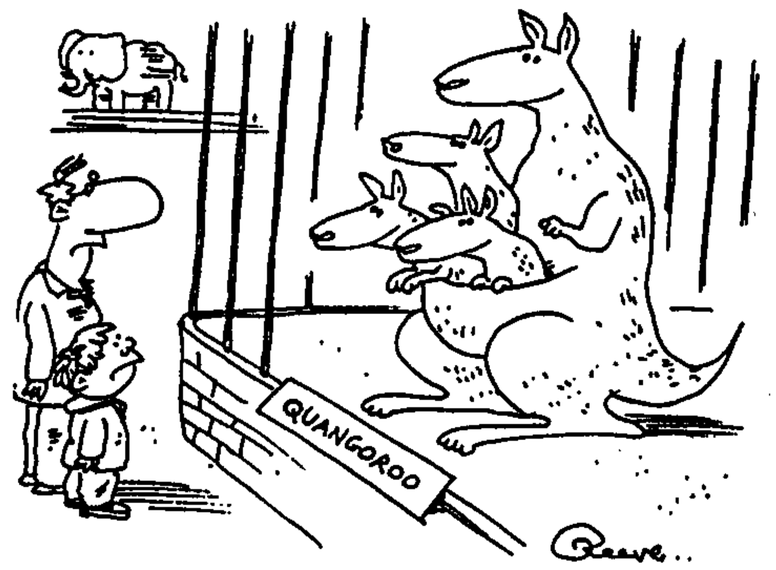
COUNCILLORS in Knowsley have been receiving anonymous phone calls since details of a planning application for a rubbish tip there appeared in *Eye* 838.

None of them was the source for the article, but the fact that they have been threatened with "knee-capping" suggests how touchy some people feel about the issue.

The trio who want to monopolise rubbish collection and disposal in Knowsley are local lawyer Kevin Dooley, nightclub owner Henry Williams, and the manager of Liverpool FC Roy Evans. Collectively they trade under the name D.W. Ltd.

Williams runs Ferrari's night club in Huyton, and his company has forked out £30,000 for an "executive box" at Anfield. A seat is reserved in the box for John King JP, a Kirkby councillor of many years' standing.

It is King's opinion that the Dooley-Williams-Evans operation will prove a positive benefit to Knowsley, ensuring "local control" over refuse services in an era when everything is up for grabs because of the Tories' compulsory competitive tendering legalisation. The only trouble is that none of the bidding team actually lives in Knowsley: they hail from the plush Aughton area of west Lancashire.



Another Aughton resident putting in planning applications is a Mr F. Caddick, who wants to build a landing strip for microlight aircraft in Kirkby. This is a bit novel since most Kirkby residents wouldn't know a microlight from a microwave.

Caddick's application is pretty vague at this stage — he doesn't say if the airstrip will be for business or recreational use — but the land he has chosen is next to the site coveted by D.W. Ltd. Caddick's application involves building vehicular access in the area, which would mean removing a major planning barrier to D.W. Ltd getting their go-ahead.

Current goings-on evoke memories of 20 years back when the infamous Kirkby ski slope project had to be abandoned because it bottomed out on to the motorway. Kirkby councillor David Tempest was given a two-year jail sentence for corruption because of this and other episodes, as many of his colleagues who still serve as councillors will remember only too well. In those days the Easter Bunny delivered Tempest many a bulging brown envelope.

EALING Council has won another award for its recycling programme.

Save-A-Can has awarded a plague to mark the borough's achievement in collecting 5 million steel and aluminium cans.

Ealing Recorder

WOLVERHAMPTON

TAKE one slightly errant 12-year-old girl, give her to Wolverhampton social workers and within a few months she is the West Midland's busiest child prostitute, working the streets from a local authority home.

The girl, now 13, was put in care by her family after she became difficult to handle. She needed care and attention, but instead got a place in a Wednesfield home renowned as one of the roughest in the area, catering mainly for very difficult older teenagers.

Under their influence she regularly absconded. The police picked her up so often in Birmingham and Walsall that they had to charge her with loitering — very unusual in one so young.

The social services department refuses to comment "to protect the girl" — not, of course, to save its own blushes.

KELFIELD NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH

Designated Officers: PC 355 'BH' Hassel and PC 157 'BH' Crusham

SKOOL NEWS

***CHALKFACE* — an angry newsletter "produced by rank & file members of the NUT" — will make parents angry if they ever see it.**

The current edition of *Chalkface* — which charts "the witch-hunt" against anti-*Romeo and Juliet* headmistress Jane Brown — includes a photograph of the NUT's Daves and Deirdres descending on their union HQ.

Over 100 NUT members lobbed the executive in February over pay, SATs and Section 11 cuts, read the caption.

HUSBAND

Vandals and to think I fought a war for you!
BUS STOP
Eh? you fought a war for us!
Well you needn't have bothered. we can look after ourselves!

Letters

BRollocks

Sir,

*I was interested to read Network SouthCentral's director Graham Eccles' robust reply regarding the closure of Victoria Station's information office (*EYE *843), and his promise that his inquiry staff would henceforth be out on the concourse being proactive in offering help to people.*

On the evening I read this, I wished to find the train from Victoria to Wandsworth Road (two stops down the line on a SouthCentral route). Of Mr Eccle's much-vaunted SouthCentral concourse staff there was no sign, despite it being the middle of the rush-hour, so I went over to the SouthEasten side of the station and asked a SouthEastern staff member (who WAS *out on the concourse being proactive). His initial reply was that British Rail did not go to Wandsworth Road at all, but when I replied that they did, he hummed and ha-ed, consulted a booklet at length, and eventually told me triumphantly to go to Platform 9 on the SouthCentral side.*

This I did — no Wandsworth Road train. Hardly surprising; my informant hadn't been aware that they'd all been diverted from Victoria to Clapham Junction for five weeks due to engineering work. So much for improving information provision…

Yours wearily,
G. GREY,

London SW17.

Trained experts

Sir,

I was most amused by Mr Eccles remarks in EYE *843. A representative of an organisation which gave the nation the famed excuse "leaves on the line" would certainly know a bit about the use of the word "bollocks". It must be a new experience for him to use it, rather than have it directed against his network!*

Yours sincerely,
PAUL S LONGHURST,

Portsmouth, Hampshire.

Relative valued

Sir,

Your comments on Nell Denton (How They Are Related) are both just and unjust.

Nell was in place as a script editor before her father was appointed as Head of Drama. That is not her fault. However in the days when we were all gentlemen she would have resigned once her father, Charles Denton, was appointed Head of BBC Drama Group.

People don't do that kind of thing any more, do they? Not even in government.

You should also consider the position of Chris Pear, Head of Birmingham Drama, who gave Nell the prestige job of editing MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. *He, a new boy, will be keen to get Charles Denton's approval for his first big project. Putting Denton's daughter in charge of the scripts must have been a piece of insurance he could hardly resist.*

Such are the times in which we live!

Yours,
WILL FIELD,

Central Television, Birmingham.

Bank role

Sir,

I notice the small column in your edition dated 25 March which referred to The Royal Bank's role as bankers to the Conservative Party. I feel I must write to correct what you wrote. The Conservative Party is not the only political party for whom we are bankers, but we do, of course, treat them on exactly the same principles as we treat other customers. There is no element of subsidy in our relationship and if there were it would be shown in our annual accounts as a political donation.

I hope this clarifies the position.

Yours faithfully
GEORGE YOUNGER

Chairman, Royal Bank of Scotland.

Lookalike

Gaultier

Formby

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the similarity between fashion guru and skirt-wearer Jean-Paul Gaultier and the ukulele-playing comedian George Formby?

These two must surely have been separated at birth.

Yours,
TIM GILBERT,

Leeds.

Toe to recall

Sir,

Everything Couch Potato said about TALKING TELEPHONE NUMBERS *is true except that maybe you were perhaps too lenient in your criticism.*

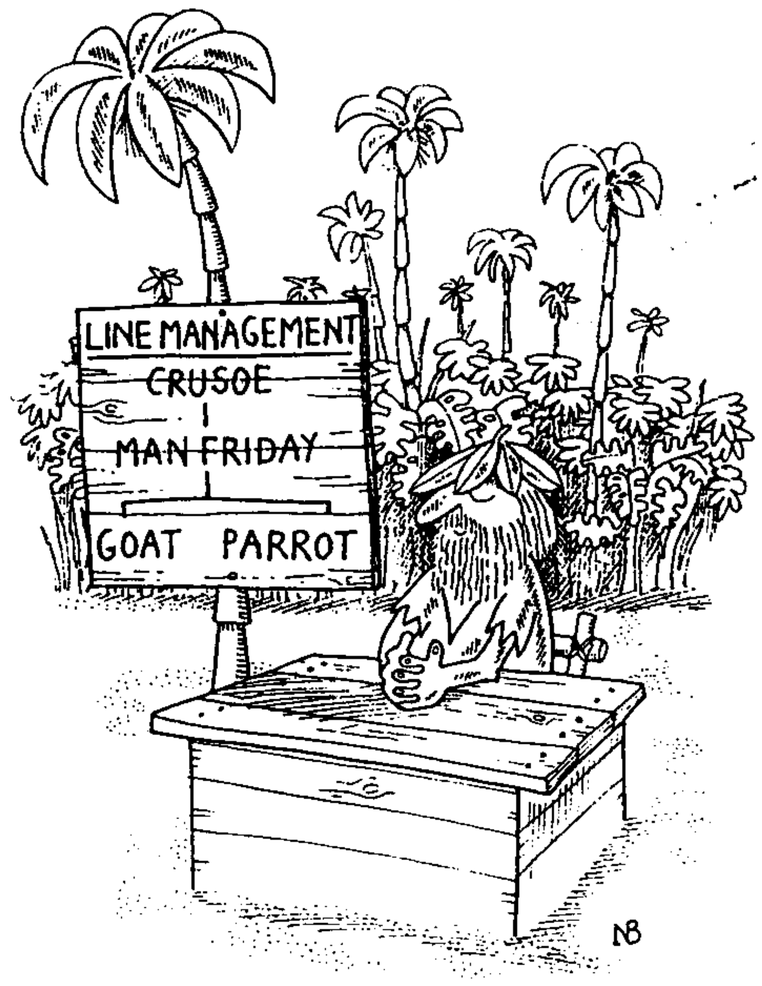
Two or three weeks ago when the time came to call people on the phone to answer three questions which, if correct, earned them an instant £10,000, one of the questions was, "How many toes has a three-toed sloth?" Two people who were called did not give right answers (neither of them was correct on the sloth question). The next one was a young man from London. He got the other two questions right, but also slipped up with the sloth question. He said a three-toed sloth has 12 toes and yet that yo-yo Phillip Schofield told him he had won the £10,000. Audience clapped and cheered. Programme over.

Since then I have been waiting to hear about the cock-up. Surely, I was not the only person watching that night who realised that three-toed sloths have three toes on their forepaws but four toes on each of their hind feet thus giving them 14 toes.

I even wrote to the producer who calls himself Alisdair MacMillan but he did not even bother to answer. Perhaps you should investigate further?

Yours sincerely,
IRIS WINTER,

Ipswich, Suffolk.



Mum's the word

Sir,

We would like to correct MGN solicitor Martin Cruddace's ill-informed letter in response to your article about Jane Preston's sacking from the PEOPLE, *just before she was due to start maternity leave.*

As former colleagues of Jane Preston, we feel it is time to set the record straight.

Jane Preston worked on three different PEOPLE *magazines under three different editors and we can confirm that she was never a freelance contributor. MGN paid her fixed salary through the contributions department, thus avoiding tax and NI payments.*

For over two years Jane Preston was a full member of staff who had her own desk, received full holiday and sick pay, possessed MGN business cards and a Metropolitan Police press card and had her direct telephone number listed in the internal staff directory. She attended all editorial meetings, commissioned freelance writers, corrected proofs and had access to all confidential desks in the PEOPLE *computer system.*

Jane Preston was left in charge of the PEOPLE *magazine when editor Cathy Galvin was on maternity leave and acting editor Victor Olliver was on holiday. How interesting that MGN say they allowed a "freelance contributor" to do all this.*

When Jane Preston became pregnant, maternity leave was promised and confirmed by her editors Bill Hagerty and Cathy Galvin. When Bridge Rowe and Frank Walker were appointed as replacement editors, Jane continued working for the PEOPLE — *surviving the David Montgomery sackings of 600 MGN employees.*

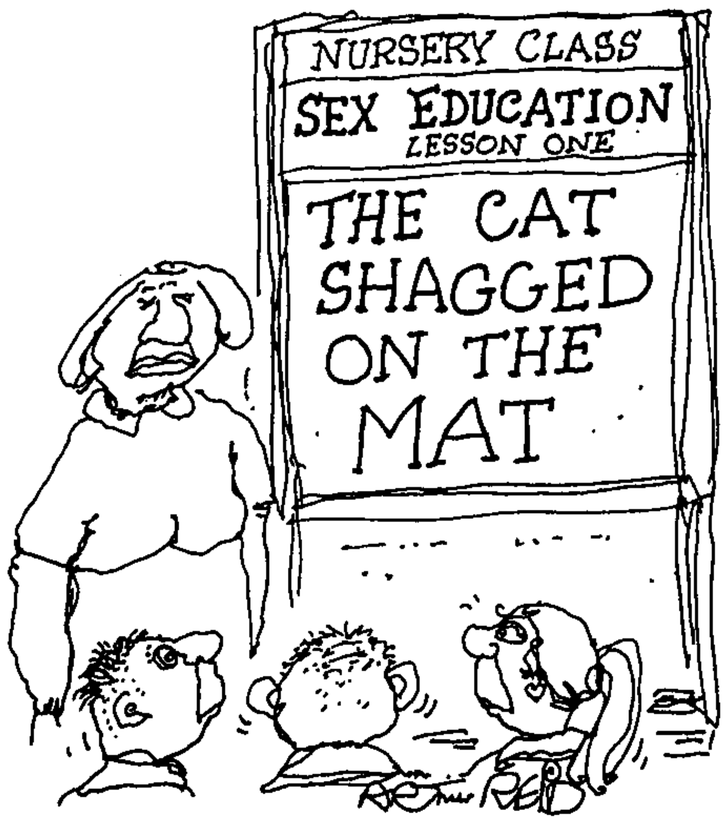
Cruddace says that after the launch of TV FIRST!, *MGN "saw no sensible reason why Jane Preston needed to attend the offices". It is clear from Cruddace's letter that he doesn't dispute that Jane Preston was ordered out of MGN while she was in the building or that she was dismissed when heavily pregnant.*

It is regrettable that Cruddace's letter fails to inform the reader how Jane Preston was ordered out of the MGN building within minutes of giving Bridget Rowe a letter regarding her terms of contract and maternity leave agreed by her former editors.

We witnessed Jane Preston's distress when she was told by Frank Walker at 5.30 on Friday 29 January that Bridget Rowe had given her until 6pm to leave the office. Jane was told that she would not be allowed her maternity leave, maternity pay or right of return to her job.

Hopefully the full truth will come out at the tribunal and MGN will finally face up to their appalling actions.

Yours sincerely,
THE FRIENDS OF JANE PRESTON.



I-SPY

Sulaimaniya, Iraqi Kurdistan

Submitted by Tim Morris, £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Past perfect

Sir,

Whatever happened to Ad Nauseam? The new Vauxhall ad is a classic rip off from GROUNDHOG DAY, *with a repeat of the same scene every day. Were Ad Nauseam still going, I'd offer this as a candidate.*

Yours sincerely,
MICHAEL FROST,

London SW17.

Speech impediment

Sir,

I was interested to note that while Dough McEvoy was criticising the government's current policy on education, he uttered the words "to properly educate". I wonder if splitting infinitives is now official policy of the NUT.

Yours faithfully,
MARTIN DARVILL,

Darvill & Company, chartered accountants, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

Don't give up the day job...

Sir,

For eight years I've fought a crusade
So that superstores can ply their own trade,
But John Lewis (EYE *843) states concern*
That, as Director of Town Planning, I earn
A reward for promoting their kind.
Whilst he might be pleased I've resigned,
He'll soon learn that I'm selling my mind
To any with a development to realise
So that from concrete, jobs will materialise,
But that's just a bind for his kind.

Yours faithfully,
MARTIN ROBESON,

Director of Town Planning, J. Sainsbury plc, London SE1.

Gerry canned

Sir,

Hooray for your piece about Gerry "Dickhead" Anderson. I was a Radio 4 producer until I retired a few years ago, and am deeply ashamed and embarrassed by this amazingly awful programme. Sometimes Gerry (as some of his callers address him in a dutifully matey way) can match Alan Partridge.

Yours,
PAMELA HOWE,

Clifton, Bristol.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"If England lose now they'll be leaving the field with their heads between their legs."
GEOFF BOYCOTT, Sky TV
(Jo Hunt)

"Well, listen, I heard something that I read the other day..."
TERRY CHRISTIAN, Channel 4
(R. Jackson)

"A brain scan has revealed Andrew Caddick is not suffering from a stress fracture of the shin."
JO SHELDON, GMTV
(Linden Lovejoy)

"There's nothing wrong with pregnancy. Half the people wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for women being pregnant."
SARAH KENNEDY, Radio 2
(Angela Smith)

Ron Atkinson: *It's a difficult time for George Graham. Does he gamble and... for me, I would definitely being Limpars on.*
Brian Moore: *Well, Ron, what would you do?*
Ron Atkinson: *I'd bring Limpars on.*
ITV
(Tim Wain)

LUVVIES

AT NINETY

John Warner recalls: John settled himself comfortably, unfolded his Times and began to unravel the crossword. One of the 1953 Way of the World company, David Dodimead, who was sitting next to him, had been working on the same puzzle for some time, but with little result.

After a while, Dodimead looked up and was amazed to see that Sir John was skipping through the clues, filling them in at an amazing pace. One particular word caught his eye.

"Excuse me, John, what are Diddybums?"

"No idea," Sir John beamed back. "But it does fit awfully well."

John Moffat: Gielgud's 1955 production of Twelfth Night at Stratford (Olivier as Malvolio; Vivien Leigh as Viola). After endless chopping and changing through rehearsals, JG rang LO in the small hours of the morning and said: "Larry, I've had an idea. I think you should play Malvolio very, very fat."

Larry, who had been awakened from a deep sleep, said: "John... it's 1.30 in the morning!", to which JG replied: "Oh, all right then... very, very thin!"

Evening Standard

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries printed.

SALLY DEEDES

ELECTRICITY and water do not mix, so doe placing an electricity meter just 12 inche above a kitchen sink present a danger?

Raymond Duffy, an engineer fro Rickmansworth, thinks it does. Two years ago, whil renovating a cottage in the village of Chenies, nea Rickmansworth, he left a message for Easter Electricity to put the meter under the stairs. Instead the company installed the meter above the sink, th board to which the meter was attached hanging fro the wall by a nail.

When he complained to Eastern Electricity h was told: "We are here to make money. If you wan us to move it will cost you £120." He has sinc discovered another local, a pensioner, who also ha a meter placed at eye level above her sink by Easter Electricity.

Mr Duffy, who is very safety conscious, felt ther must be a directive on electric meters. With grea perseverance he asked various electrical boards an local authorities for a ruling.

Offer, the electricity watchdog, quoted DT regulations stating that a meter should "be installe so to prevent danger", pointing to an incident th previous year in which a meter positioned under pipe caught fire when the pipe fractured and wate dripped into the meter. Here are what the others said

- **Yorkshire Electricity:** "Meters are not designe to remain in positions where there is a high level o condensation."
- **Seeboard:** "To comply with safety regulations al electrical services must be remote from any wate supply. Therefore we would not agree to move th meter to such a position."
- **Hertfordshire county council:** "There are n mandatory restrictions on the siting of meters, it i our opinion... that a meter should not be sited in hazardous area — the meters are sealed but no guaranteed water-tight."
- **Brighton Borough Council:** "In terms of safet considerations the placing of any electrical socke above a sink is potentially hazardous. Water an electricity do not mix."
- **SWALEC:** "Clearly water and electricity does no mix, it should therefore be self evident a meter an switchgear are not to be located where condensatio is likely to occur. Any condensation on electrica equipment can result in carbon tracking and presen a possible fire risk. It is SWALEC's policy therefor not to locate equipment in hazardous situations."

Meanwhile Mr Duffy's cottage remains empty He has refused to pay the £120 on principle an cannot have the house occupied as he considers th premises unsafe. Eastern Electricity has offered to fi a splash guard below the meter, or a waterproof box

Yorkshire Electricity believes that "a box around a meter would not solve the problem o condensation, being water resistant and no watertight".

A code of practice might be a good idea.

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

FUNNY OLD WORLD

Compiled by
Victor Lewis-Smith

● "There's no doubt about it, it was another case of likhubalo," Inspector Mdluli of the Simunye police force informed reporters. "They looked like a three-headed octopus. I have never seen anything like it."

He explained what he had discovered after being called to a house in Lusoti on Monday morning. "The unnamed threesome were locked together in coitus, and unable to move. The woman confessed to me that, when her husband had gone away on business on Friday, she had invited her lover and his friend into the house. But, after simultaneous vaginal and anal penetration, they found themselves locked together in what is called a *double dog's knot*, with both men quite unable to withdraw. For three days they lay there helplessly, until a neighbour heard their cries for help and entered the room. She laughed so much it took her an hour to collect herself and phone for help. I immediately realised the husband must have been to a witch doctor and given likhubalo root to his wife. Men often do this if they think their wives are unfaithful, and it's very effective, because any man other than her husband gets stuck fast.

"When the husband returned, he eventually agreed to release the two men in the traditional way, by making them all beg for mercy, ritually forgiving them, and then showing his wife a padlock and key. When the padlock opened up, so did she. It's basic science, really." *(The Times of Swaziland, 4/12/93. Spotter — James Culverwell)*

— ● —

● "Curiosity? Bugger curiosity," an irate Ravishankar Raval told reporters in his home town of Jotana. "It may be a curiosity to you, but it's terrifying if you live here. Let me tell you, if it wasn't sacred, we'd slit its throat tomorrow."

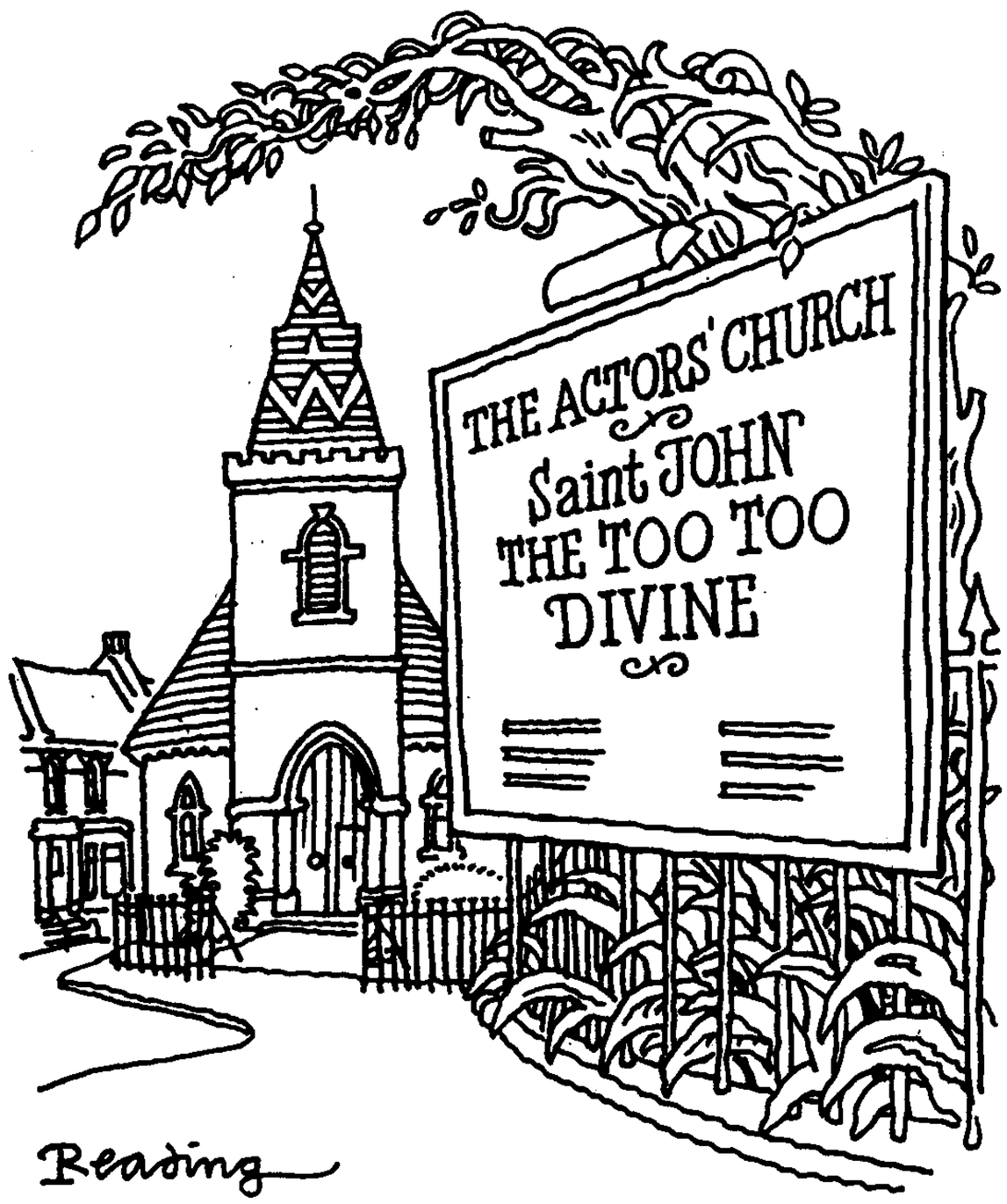
Rival was complaining about the huge black goat which has menaced the inhabitants of Jotana, north Gujurat, for the past three years. "At first, it just used to sidle up to anyone with a cigarette, stand next to them and sniff their smoke. We thought it was funny to begin with, but then it started sucking the cigarettes out of their hands and smoking them itself. Not just *bidis* either, it prefers Malboro when it can get them, and it butts us until we light one and hand it over. I've got bruises up and down my back. I reckon it's stealing about twenty a day now, all over town, and you tourists keep encouraging it. Only last week, it scared the living daylights out of a camel-cart driver. He thought it was a panther. It's getting out of control. It tried to smoke a baby's head last week, and it has to be stopped. But we're Hindus, so we can't kill it because it's holy. However, if any of you are atheists, we'd pay handsomely. I have a gun." *(India Today, 15/2/94. Spotter — N.C. Ashby)*

— ● —

● *"Although we successfully reached Hastings in good time," members of the Eastbourne Winkle Club were informed in their annual newsletter, "I have to report that we had bad luck at this year's Carnival.*

"Despite the usual excellent efforts of Peter Doole and his chum Jerry — and thanks also to Phil and Kevin from Maidstone for covering the floor of the lorry with carpet — we did not gain a prize. This was because we were placed on the south side of the judging area, and the wind undid a lot of our display, plus our two mermaids, Kate and Laila, and King Neptune John were suffering from the very cold winds, also, so we moved to a more sheltered spot but unfortunately thereby missed the judging.

"Our Race Night raised only £7, since hardly anyone came. A tummy bug was going round, and the money went into the Alphaxcell Pressure Relieving Mattress Fund. But, all in all, it's been another successful year." (Eastbourne Winkle Club Newsletter, 1994. Spotter — All at Luther Pendragon)



Reading

That Dudley Moore Wedding Menu in full

Black-Eyed Pea Soup

— * —

Fishy Mess

— * —

Battered Sole-Mate

— * —

Knuckle of Old Ham with Serving of Cauliflower Ear

— * —

Takes-Out Onion Tart
with
Half-Baked Has-Beans

— * —

Black and Blue Cheese

— * —

Off The Trolley
Fruit and Nuts

— * —

To drink:

Dud Punch in Jug
Chaton Nicole Rothschild

— * —

Police Carriages at 1 a.m.

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

Today is yet another historic day. After the success of my "meet the people" tour of Basildon and Solihull, I have decided that I will personally take charge of our campaign to win the local elections. When I summoned Sir Norma Fowler to tell him this, he went white with pleasure. "But surely, prime minister, you will be too busy running the country to worry about that?"

"Oh no," I replied, "it is my duty to be answerable to the voters at all times. That is why this very afternoon I have agree to do a phone-in programme at Radio Trent, which is a place near Birmingham." At this point Sir Norma was so delighted that he fell to the floor and would not wake up for several minutes.

Tuesday

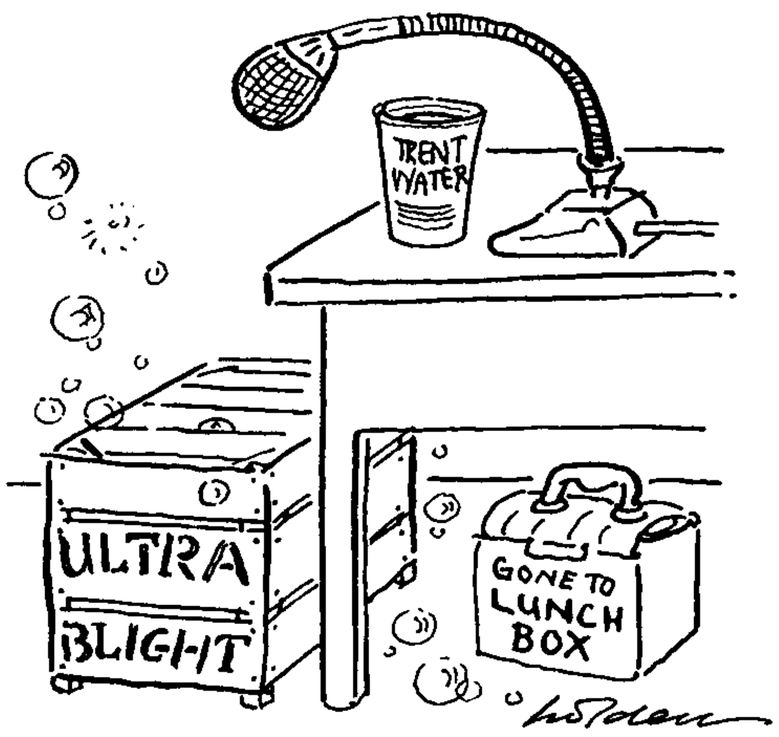
My visit to Radio Trent has been a great success! During the hour I was on several people rang me up. Unfortunately the lines to Radio Trent must have been very bad, because they all had to shout at the top of their voices. One poor woman obviously got a crossed line because she kept yelling: "You are totally useless. You have made a mess of everything. You are a total idiot. We should never have got you in." As I told the man who put on the

records when no one was ringing up, the lady was obviously complaining about some workmen and she should contact the appropriate Charter-line and talk to Mr Waldegrave. Clearly I had persuaded all the listeners that it would be good to vote Conservative, because after this no one else rang up and the man had to play The Shrimp Boats Are A-Comin' In' by Miss Alma Cogan twelve times to fill up the rest of the programme.

Wednesday

I have decided to take personal charge of something else — the great commemoration of our historic victory on D-Day 50 years ago. Like my predecessor Sir Winston Churchill I have turned my office into a "war room" with my Daily Telegraph wall map on the floor and the biros all over it showing the hotels where the various heads of state are going to stay for the celebrations.

For example the grey biro represents myself, the red, white and blue one stands for Mr Clinton and the one with the words "Non A L'Agneau Anglais" on it is President Mitterrand. For the public to see me organising a famous victory like World War Two should do wonders for my ratings in the polls. Already people are beginning to see me as Churchill, and wherever I go they give me his famous V-sign, except that it is the wrong way round.



Thursday

I was able to announce to the cabinet this morning the good news that we have won the test match. This is a very good omen for the Euro-Elections, and I suggested that a national day of celebration should be held, with myself taking personal charge.

The Cabinet obviously agreed, as no one said anything for some time, and Mr Howard then broke the silence by reading out his latest list of U-turns. These were:

1. His pledge that murderers of policemen should be jailed for life. He has now found that this is not practicable.

2. His pledge not to censor nasty videos for the under-5s. He has now found that it would be more popular to do the opposite.

3. His pledge to stop mini-cabs doing U-turns in the street. He has now discovered that he is favour of U-turns, although he may change his mind tomorrow.

Friday

When I woke up this morning there was a message on my answering machine from Mr Clinton's secretary. It said: "Hi there, the President would like you to know that he has kicked ass Serb-wise. He thanks you for your support in the historic bombing decision, and hopes you have a nice day."

I immediately range Mr Hurd to tell him what the President had said and I had decided. Mr Hurd was obviously jealous of my place on the world stage, and said in his toffee-nosed way: "I don't think you'd better claim any credit for this one. It could lead to another world war. I'd blame it on General Rose and the UN if I were you." Mr Hurd has missed the point, I am afraid. I have decided to invite General Rose, Dame Vera Lynn and Mr Atherton to join my war cabinet in planning the D-Day Invasion.

Monday

Mr Tim Bell who is helping me with ideas for D-Day has told me that we are not going to mention the Germans in our celebrations as this would be tactless and they might not buy any more of our companies.

"We were fighting the Nazis, not the Germans," he explained.

Afterwards I looked on my map for Naziland but I could not find it. Perhaps he meant Swaziland, which I did find, only it was in Africa.

Tuesday

Let it be known that I was not inconsiderably annoyed with Mrs Beckett who is pretending to be Mr Smith because he has hurt his leg. She accused me of trying to use the D-Day celebrations as propaganda to win votes in the Euro-elections. This is typical of the Labour Party and I will say so in my big D-Day speech asking people to vote Tory.

Wednesday

I had a request today from my friend Mrs Bottomley asking to be moved to another job. Obviously, now that she has closed down all the hospitals there is nothing left for her to do.

"Perhaps you should have my job," I joked off-the-cuff.

"Thank you," she said, as she tried to sit in my seat, but unfortunately for her Mr Heseltine would not move from it.

Later on in the House of Commons Mrs Boothroyd, the Speaker, in no small measure irritated me by telling me to apologise to Mrs Beckett for calling her a liar.

"How dare a woman tell me what to do," I said to my wife Norman as I was watching the Test Match Highlights on Sky. "Turn that off," she said to me. "It's time for The Bill." And so it was.

D-Day Celebrations — Major Explains Thinking

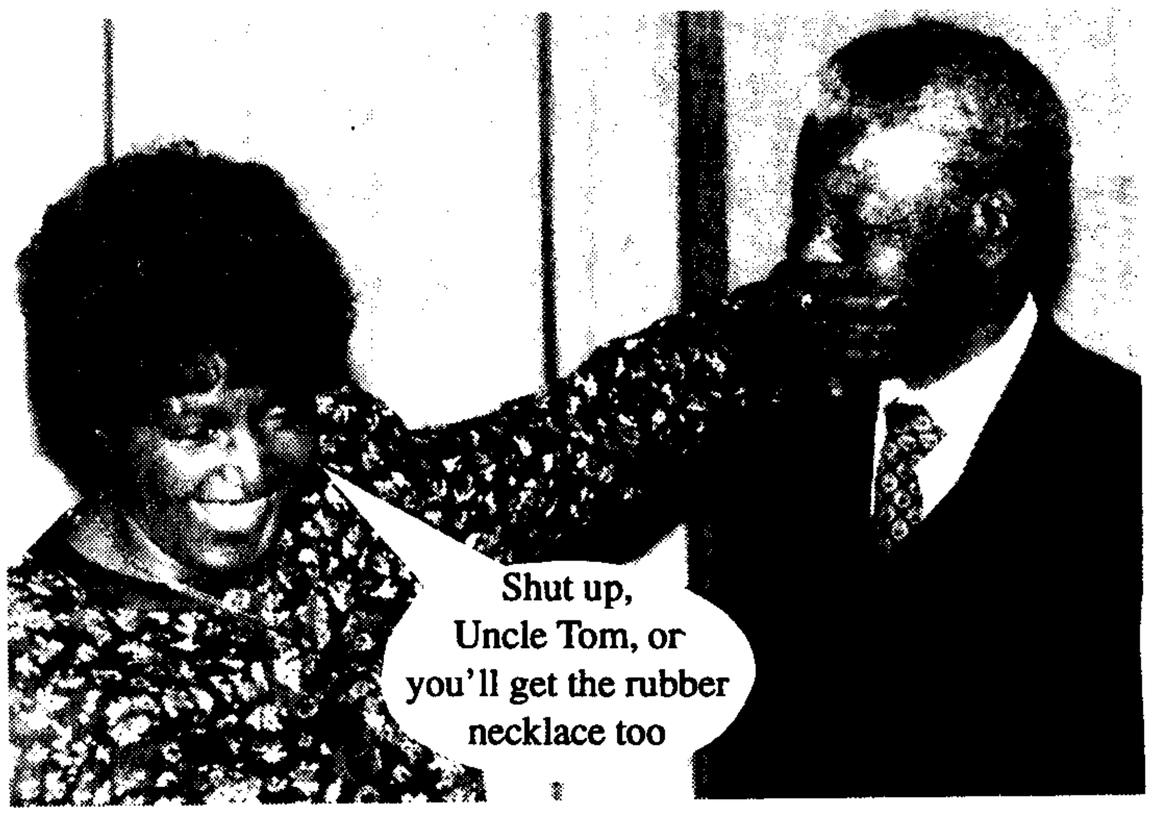
by Our Invasion Staff D-Day Lewis

A NATIONWIDE celebration involving street parties, bouncy castles and children's magicians will commemorate the historic day 50 years ago when Britain sent Forces into Europe to stand up against aggressive Fascists bent on genocide. The Prime Minister explained that: "Today's children need to be told that this sort of thing must never happen again."

On Other Pages

- UN humiliated in Bosnia
- Gen. Rose's request for troops turned down
- Rifkind suggests pulling out
- British troops "first to leave", promises Hurd.

SOUTH AFRICA — Birth of Democracy



PETER McLIE

The World's Worst Columnist

Woefully Thin Piece?

HAVE you see that programme on the television with those smug slimy creeps on it?! How dare they just sit there and comment on the week's news??

Doesn't it make you sick to see their ilk pontificating on things they know nothing about?!

What a waste of ITV licence payers' money for a prime time Wednesday night slot!?! Have I got news for them — they're on television and I'm not — so there!!

Another 50 words

Why can't showbiz celebrities stay married to each other?! Look at them all!? First it was Billy Joel King and Christine Keeler!? Now I gather it is Dudley Moore and Nicole from the Renault Clio advert whose marriage is on the rocks!?!

Why can't they be more like journalists who stick together through thick and thin — until they get divorced. My second wife and I are a possible role model with a marriage that is both grandee and dandee — at the moment!!

Bottom of the Barrel

SO JOHN Gielgud is celebrating 90 years as a homosexual. How sad that he has done so little with his life except hang around in toilets?! Why couldn't Sir Larry, as everyone calls him, get married and divorced like other famous celebrities?

I may have done this before

My friend Andrew Wilson has returned from America with a new gadget that they have over there. It is a contraption for keeping dry when it rains. This wee marvel opens out from a sort of stick into a fabric canopy through which the rain cannot penetrate. I have a name for it already — the Trouser Press. Say what you like about the Yankees — they are an ingenious folk to be sure?! (Brilliant! This is even better than Lyn Barber. B. Pad. Ed)

St Cakes

Howard Term starts today. There are 4,516 video nasties in the School Shop. H.J.Q. Childs-Play III (Winner's) is Head of Porn. R.R.B. Brain-Dead (Murdoch's) is Senior Sky Warden and Keeper of the Dish. The Rev B. Mephistoles-Beelzebub (OC) will conduct Satanic Rituals in Witch's Field on 21st June (Walhennessynacht). There will be a performance of *Chainsaw Massacre* by the St Cakes Dramatic Society in the Sunday Sport Hall on 8th July. Tickets from the Bursar, Derek Beackon, Wapping, Tower Hamlets Road, BNP 666. Snuffings will be on 16 July.

That Hattersley-Prince Charles interview in full

Charles: You seem to be frustrated in your present position. Do you feel your talents are wasted and that you've never had the chance to be the number one?

Hattersley: Well, one does feel a sense of loss and sometimes I feel I should be given a medal. I do what I can.

Charles: Like what, for example?

Hattersley: Well, I write for the *Guardian* and produce the odd novel. I am always being quoted and so on.

Charles: But you feel that people don't take you seriously, you've become a bit of a butt for humour?

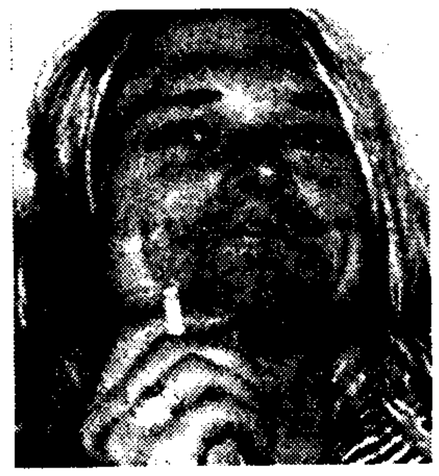
Hattersley: Well, for someone in my position that is inevitable, I suppose. You just have to learn to live with it, you know, all the lunch jokes and the making fun of the way I talk…

Charles: Is your life in some way tinged with sadness? The break-up with *Punch* must have been very traumatic.

Hattersley: I refuse to talk about that.

Charles: I'm sorry. Let's turn to your passionate concern for old trams and Sheffield Wednesday.

Hattersley: Yes, one does feel more and more that our heritage is under threat *(cont. p.94)*.



Poetry Corner

In Memoriam Kurt Cobain, Lead Singer Of The Popular Grunge Singing Group Nirvana

So. Farewell then
Kurt Cobain.

You shot yourself
Because you were
Depressed.

I once listened
To one of your
Records.

So I know
How you
Must have felt.

E.J. Thribb (17½)

Petty Officer David Quilter, aged 27, twice sank to his knees in a Greek bar to sink his teeth into Sub Lt Lamb's posterior.

Lt Cmdr Nick Hawkins, defending, said: "This is at the bottom of the scale as actual bodily harm.

Grauniad

PURBROOK Methodist Church, Stakes Road. Minister Rev. A. Morling. Telephone 262291. Sunday, April 3. 8 am Early Communion. 10.30 am Rev. Tony Morling. Communion 6.30 pm. Mr. B. Stillwell. Almost welcome.

The News (Waterlooville)

NATIONAL NAMES WIN RIGHT TO SUE FOR MILLIONS

by Our Man In The Courts **Christopher Bookie**

MILLIONS of disappointed punters who lost money on this year's Grand National because they followed "misleading advice" have been given leave by the High Court to sue for compensation.

In a historic judicial decision, Mr Justice Cocklecarrot ruled *nemo ligante* that actions could proceed "where it can be shown that any individual has suffered loss by investing his money on a horse, on the assurances of a professional racing tipster employed by an newspaper or other medium."

The verdict was hailed as a victory by a number of campaigning names, who had lost sums of up to £5 after following the advice of tipsters.

One Lloyds For The Rich

Typical was a Somerset name, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Herbert Right-Mugg, who had put 50p each way on a horse called "Useless", after hearing a Mr Henry Kelly claim on Classic FM that "it could not lose".

The horse, however, fell at the first fence, losing the Air Vice-Marshal his entire investment.

"It is an absolute outrage," said his wife, Lady Ludmilla Right-Mugg. "But now at least we can sue Classic FM for millions, including compensation for hurt feelings, loss of face, and repetitive strain injury from picking up the phone to whinge about it to all our friends."

"Morning, Vicar"

COURT CIRCULAR

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

His Royal Highness The Prince Edward will today be shacking up with his partner, Her Royal Lovebirdness Miss Griffie Rhys-Jones, at Buckingham Palace. His Highness and Miss Rhys-Jones will be at home at his place and will be joined for informal drinks of Sol lager by Mr Mike Bowtie of the Public Relations firm Bowtie, Adman and Glasses and Mr Chris Useless from the independent television company Useless Productions. Afterwards Their Royal Live-in-nesses will attend a Curry House and will be introduced to Mr Rogan Josht, the proprietor, and members of his immediate family. They will then split up due to media pressure.

SOUTH FORK

Her Royal Highness The Princess Fergiana will today be appearing on the front page of the daily *Sun* newspaper. She will be attended by a large sign over her naked breasts, reading "Censored".

HIGHGROVE

His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales will be appearing on page eleven of a number of papers after a series of photo opportunities with the young princes to demonstrate his bonding and parenting skills.

KENSINGTON PALACE

Her Royal Highness Diana The Princess of Smiles will be appearing to beat Charles at his own game with other photo-opportunities set in theme parks involving the young princes. Their Royal Highnesses Prince William and Prince Harry will be wearing baseball caps the wrong way round and eating hamburgers. They will be attended by Mr Ronald McDonald, Mr Michael Mouse, and His Royal Highness The Prince Charming from *Sleeping Beauty*.

A Doctor writes

AS a doctor, I am often asked: "Can you admit me to hospital, please? I am very ill." The simple answer is: "Are you over 65?"

What happens is that the patient then answers either "Yes" or "No" and the doctor is then able to make his diagnosis.

If the patient says "Yes" they are clearly suffering from the complaint known as Old Age, or *Expensivus treatmentus probabalis*, as it is known to accountants *(shurely Doctors'? Ed)*.

The best remedy for patients with Old Age is to tell them to go home at once, whereupon nature will take its course and the patients will soon stop getting any older.

If you are over 65 and worried, you should not seek professional medical advice at all.

© A. Doctor.

HUDDERSFIELD magistrates ordered the closure of a Kirkheaton takeaway after being told that environmental health officers heard mice speaking when they went to investigate a complaint that there were rodents on the premises.

Huddersfield Express & Chronicle

There is no immediate prospect of relief because West Indies have named an unnamed squad for Friday's Fourth Test in Barbados.

Grauniad

SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber

WHAT'S THE MATTER BILLY?
IT'S NOT WORKING CHRISTIE. YOU'RE A BURNED-OUT OLD MODEL AND I'M STILL A SUCCESSFUL ROCK STAR WITH A STRING OF HITS.....
.....I'M JUST TOO BIG FOR YOU!
CLICK CLICK
Kerber

'CHURCHILL WAS SMOKER'

Historian's shock claim

by Our Historically Correct Staff **The Duke of Marlboro Country**

THE LATE Sir Winston Churchill was "a compulsive smoker", according to controversial historian Andrew Lloyd-Roberts in an article in this week's Spectacularlyboring magazine.

"Churchill put the lives of his entire Cabinet at risk by subjecting them to round-the-clock passive cigar smoke," the dreary controversialist explains at length.

His findings are based on a photograph from the *Daily Telegraph* on 11 July 1943, showing the hitherto-respected war leader puffing a huge cigar as he inspected troops in the Western Desert.

"It is quite clear", the historian continued, "that Churchill imperilled the whole Allied war effort by this smokeism and reckless smokeist behaviour."

Churchill, however, was defended by his contemporary Lord Deedes, the highly respected lawn mower and chainsaw expert, who wrote in a 3,000-word riposte in the *Daily Telegraph*: "You have to remember that, to men of his generation, smoking was still regarded as acceptable."

Lord Deedes is 107.

On Other Pages

● Was It Right For Peregrine Worsthorne To Write An Article Attacking Nigel Dempster For Attacking Him For Criticising A Daily Mail Journalist For Reporting A Conversation With His Wife In Which She Attacked A Minister At A Private Press Launch? *asks Paul Johnson* **p. 6**

● Who cares? *asks everyone else* **p. 7**

ADVERTISEMENT

JOIN THE ARMY AND SEE THE CHEQUE!

"I never thought when I joined the Army that I'd end up a millionaire! But, thanks to EC discrimination rules, my pregnancy earned me £300,000. Not bad, eh, for a night exercise!"

ARMY RATES IN FULL

Loss of limb in battle	**0p**
Loss of life in Ulster	**3p**
Loss of life in WWII	**1 poppy**
Bun in oven	**300 grand**

JUST LIE BACK AND THINK OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND!

As in previous years, The Sunday Eye today publishes its updated list of the

100 MOST BORING MEN IN BRITAIN

THIS year has seen some dramatic changes. There are more boring men from the media than ever before, while some of the bores from Britain's older families have dropped down the ratings. The Queen, for example, is down to 77th place on the list, below Mr Michael Heseltine and only just above Mr Mark Thatcher.

Another feature of the changing face of Britain's boredom is the large number of new Asian bores who qualify, including Mr N. Patel, Chairman of the Birmingham Conservative Chamber of Commerce.

A further encouraging feature is the increasing number of women bores, not just from the traditional areas of newspaper columnists but from new fields like sexual politics *(see Shere Hite, 89th)*.

Here are the greatest changes, with last year's positions in brackets:

7th (9th) **Hon. Nicholas Soames**, legendary food minister, famous for eating old copies of the Daily Telegraph and pronouncing them "delicious".

11th (4th) **Lord Palumbo**, the former chairman of the Arts Council, and friend of the Prince of Wales (3rd place).

14th (2nd) **Andrew Lloyd Webber**, composer and philanthropist. In addition to being one of Britain's outstanding bores, he is also very rich.

21st (20th) **Baroness Chalker of Wallasey**. Responsible for Britain's £20-billion-a-year overseas "aid for arms" budget. Can frequently be heard on the Today programme telling everyone how wonderful she is.

67th (79th) **Ben Pimlott**, author of *James Chuter-Ede: The Forgotten Years* and many others. *(That's enough bores. Ed.)*

NATION SHOCKED BY PRINCESS'S TRAGIC LOVE SECRETS

by Our Royal Staff **Noel Betham of the Barrel**

A CACHE of letters has come into the possession of Private Eye which reveal a completely unknown side to the character of the Queen's sister.

For years she has been held up as a model of decorous and abstemious royal behaviour.

But, as these letters show, behind the ice-cool facade of the woman they called "the Perfect Princess", she was:

- **a chain-smoker who often smoked three cigarettes at once;**
- **a heavy drinker who sometimes downed seven bottles of gin before breakfast;**
- **married to a photographer;**
- **a woman who couldn't say 'no' to a succession of men who included Frank Sinatra, Kirk Douglas, the Archbishop of Canterbury, General Noriega and John Wells.**

Alec in Wonderland

But, as the letters reveal, the greatest love of her life was the handsome young prime minister and Mayfair socialite Sir Alec Douglas-Home. *(Are you sure about this? Ed.)*

Home was one of a highly talented family, which included the world-famous playwright William Douglas-Home, the famous bird-watcher Sir Henry d'Avigdor Goldsmith, and the former Editor of The Times, Simon Jenkins. *(Get on with the steamy letters. Ed.)*

On 23 November 1963, the Princess wrote to her lover:

Dear Sir Alec,

My sister and I were so pleased that you were able to form a government. We do so despise that frightful little Socialist Mr Wilson and his beastly macintosh. We do so hope that you will win the next election.

Yours sincerely,
Her Royal Highness
Princess Margaret

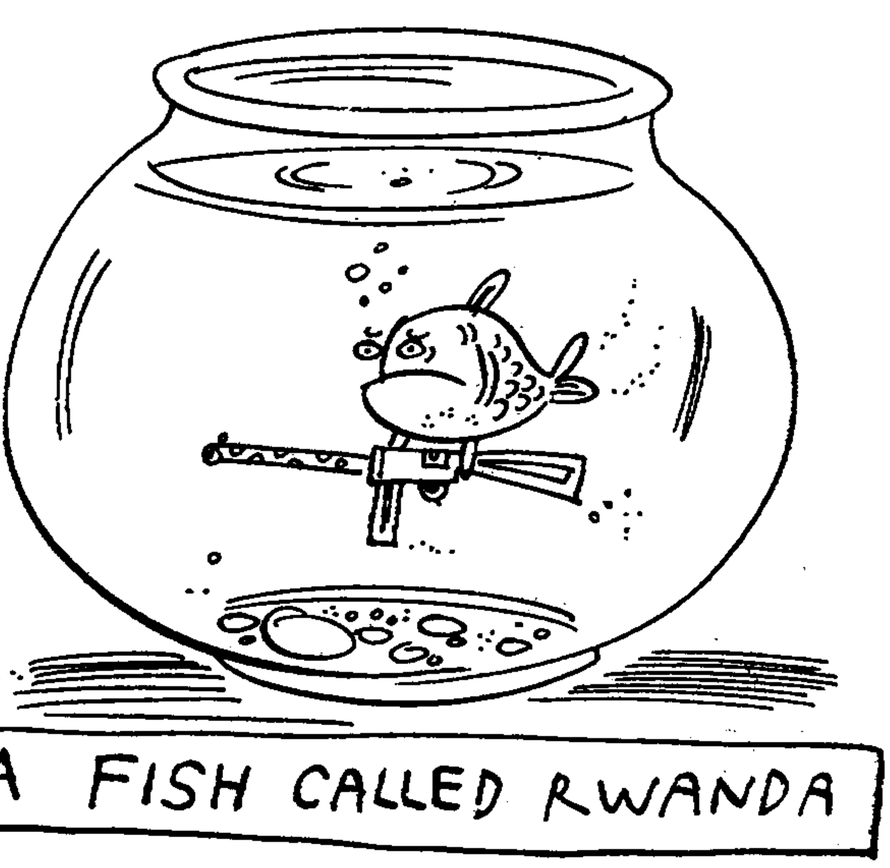
This passionate letter, published here for the first time, may have led to the lovers' first meeting at the State Opening of Parliament later that year.

The world-famous royal biographer Lady Antonia Holden last night commented: "These letters are the latest tragic chapter in what I have called The Fall Of The Windsors, in my book of the same name which is still available in all good remainder shops at £14.99 reduced to 3p to clear.

"The revelation that the Princess, 14th in line to the throne, enjoyed what one can only suppose to have been a full sexual relationship with the Prime Minister raises disturbing constitutional questions which may provide scholars such as myself with several hundred hours of interviews on American breakfast television.

"And, by the way, the Prince of Wales really hates me and has been deliberately persecuting me in his new magazine by not even mentioning my name *(contd. p. 94)*

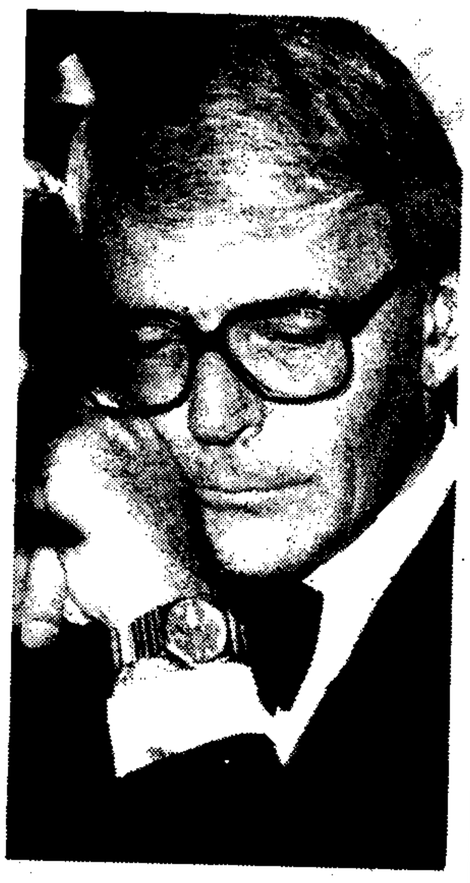
"Excuse me, but is it still regarded as politically correct in these situations to get an erection?"



ADVERTISEMENT

Sorry if this is hardhitting but so were the men who did it.

When little Johnny was new, everyone patted him on the head and said how sweet he was. But then they got bored and started putting the boot in. For two years he has been repeatedly kicked, battered and stabbed in the back. Even his former mistress has abandoned him. Now he looks like this. With your help we can put a smile back on poor Johnny's face. All you have to do is be stupid enough to vote Conservative in the forthcoming Euro-elections. If you don't, no one else will.



Remember — A Prime Minister Is For Life, Not Just For Christmas

Issued by the RSPCA
(the Royal Society For the Preservation of Conservative Arseholes)

Glenda Slagg

■ **HATS OFF to Dawn French!!? The cuddly cutie who had the guts to stand up and show us what a big girl she is?!!**

Yes, it's high time someone spoke up for Britain's Fleshsome Femmes Fatales who make up over half the population!?! So scram you skinnies— it's time to make way for the super sumptuous size seventeen sexpots!?!!

Look this way, fellas! There's more to enjoy with a gal like Dream Dumpling Dawnie!!?

□ COME off it, TV's Miss Flesh Mountain!?!? Who are you tryin' to kid with your Flab is Fab campaign!!?

"The Fatty doth protest too much, methinks" quoth ye Glenda!? *(Geddit? No. Ed.)* Blokes like birds who don't take up two chairs when they sit down!!?! And all that a-wobblin' and a-gobblin' on the telly is a big turn-off?!? So eat as many Lard Cakes as you want, sister, but don't bore us with it!?! Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z!?!

■ *SEE the London Marathon?!?*
Nor me!? Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-!!

□ THREE CHEERS for Prince Eddie — the Royal's Showbiz Son!?! At last one of the Monarchy has had the courage not to get married!?!

He's havin' a trial run with Saucy Sophie!!?! We hope it's alright on the night, Your Highness *(Geddit?!)* and your romance will run and run like the Mousetrap!? *(This is worse than McKay — Ed. That's impossible — G.S.)*

HERE they are — Glenda's D-Day Dreamboats.

▶ **Sir John Gielgud.** OK, so he's gay and 90 — that's the way I like 'em!!?!

▶ **Vladimir Zhrinovsky.** He's the fun-lovin' fascist who makes us gals go Russian to meet him *(Geddit?!!)*.

▶ **Silvio Berlusconi.** See above.

Byeeeeeee!!

Great Bores Of Today.

"... it could have been me an old schoolfriend asked me to join you know make your money work twice and all that but luckily I was a bit short at the time you just had to put down £70,000 but it didn't have to be cash collateral was all you needed and they all said it was copper-bottomed but look at poor old Henry and Liz they've lost everything they had to take the boys out of Marlborough and they're living in a smaller house in Surrey just outside Faversham rather nice actually we spent the weekend there shooting but er it could have been me did you see about the poor old admiral who topped himself? tragic I know so many people who are trying to keep up appearances and some of them are very well known indeed it's much worse for them because they've always had money and it's very difficult to adjust whereas if you've never had money then you don't know what you're missing I mean Liz and Henry have even had to lay off one of the gardeners and Liz told me she is going to trade in the Range-Rover for a little run-around I think she's talking about a Suzuki Rhino it could have been me you know..."

Celeb

THIS NEW BODYGUARD OF MINE IS AMAZINGLY THOROUGH YOU KNOW... USED TO WORK FOR SINATRA...
REALLY?
IT'S INCREDIBLE THE THINGS THAT HAVE BECOME SECOND NATURE OVER THE YEARS..IT'S ALL BECOME A MATTER OF HABIT FOR HIM...
LIKE WHENEVER I'M GETTING IN THE BACK OF THE CAR HE PUTS A PROTECTIVE HAND OVER MY HEAD LIKE THIS.
IN CASE YOU BANG YOUR BONCE?
NAH. IN CASE I LOSE MY TOUPÉ. I KEEP TELLING HIM I DON'T WEAR ONE...
I EXPECT FRANK SAID THE SAME THING.

"They certainly try and give value for money these days"

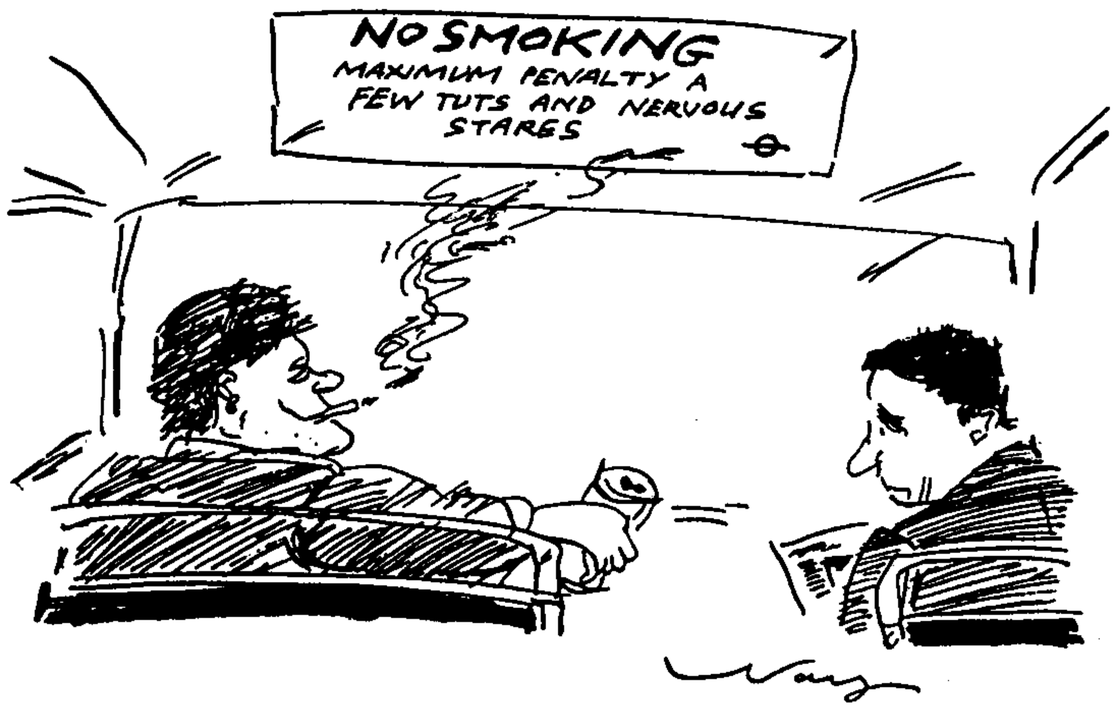
APOLOGY

The England Cricket Team

IN COMMON with all other newspapers, we may in recent months have given the impression that the England cricket team in the West Indies was in some way thoroughly incompetent and little short of a national disgrace. Headlines such as "Atherton's Flop XI Should Be Shot", "Any Four-Year-Old Could Get More Runs Than This Lot says Geoff Boycott", and "Wot A Load Of Wankers" may have suggested that we held the playing ability of the England cricketers in somewhat less than the highest esteem.

In the light of recent events in Barbados, we would like to make it clear that Mr Atherton and his distinguished team are a breed of heroes second to none, whose names shall live forever in the annals of our island story.

We would like to apologise to Messrs Atherton, Stewart, Fraser, Caddick, Tufnell and others (except Ramprakash, Lewis and Smith, obviously, who are essentially foreign anyway) for any misunderstanding that our earlier articles may have caused, and promise not to repeat the libellous suggestion that they are not the finest performers in the history of the game until the next time they lose.



GIELGUD TO BE NEXT BOND?

by Lunchtime 00'7-Up

THE world's greatest living actor Sir John Gielgud is being hotly tipped to take on his most challenging role to date at the age of 90.

Sir John, best known for his performance as the foul-mouthed butler in the film *Arthur*, has recently been put forward as front-runner for the coveted role of James Bond in the 47th film in the series, *Never Say No*.

Sir John, although he admits that he has "never understood Bond at all", would succeed such legendary screen figures as Sean Connery, George Lazenby and Timothy Dalton.

In the new film, to be made by Jubby Broccoli, daughter of the legendary producer, Bond is a 90-year-old former secret agent who is called out of retirement to do a radio version of *King Lear*.

Trouble starts when Bond-girl Libby Purves *(contd p. 94)*

YOU DECIDE ON THE NEW BOND!

Should it be

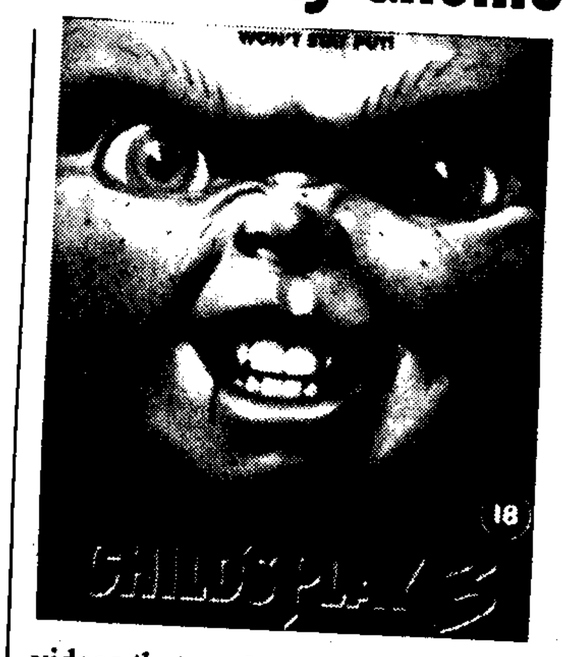
- ☐ Stephen Fry?
- ☐ General Sir Michael Rose?
- ☐ Joanna Lumley?
- ☐ Michael Fish?
- ☐ The Late Show's Mark Lawson?
- ☐ Sir Peregrine Worsthorne?
- ☐ Nicole's Papa in the Renault ads?

Another victory for the Daily Gnome!!

ONCE again the Daily Gnome has forced a major change in Government policy and made the powers that be see sense.

This time it is the new legal curbs on nasty videos for which the public can thank their good old Daily Gnome.

Our week-long series of pieces on the top 100 disgusting videos currently available was a masterpiece of campaigning journalism. Only the Daily Gnome gave a full plot summary and detailed description of each obscene and depraved action on every one of these revolting videos. Only the Daily Gnome published graphic stills of the sort of corrupting filth that is getting into our homes every day. And only the Daily Gnome is offering a cut-price video compilation of all the most twisted and most vile moments of the



videos that we have now successfully curbed.

Yes! Now from Gnome for only £10.00 "The Very Bestial (Gedditt?!!) of Those Nasty Videos", including "Satanic Child Death IV", "Death Satanic Child VI" and "Death Child Satanic XXXXXXXXXIV".

DIARY

You know what, I don't give a shit. I don't give a shit about the crap, and, like, I don't give a crap about the shit. I stand for the victim. In my show, the Woman is no longer a victim, but in control of her own mind. With "Roseanne" I'm, like, revolutionising the whole goddamn structure of corporate America, I'm saying, right, you take all the pain and the fear and the *truth* of what it's like to be a poor woman with a family in America, and you put them on that fucking screen, dickhead. And that's, like, how "Roseanne" has come to stand for creative freedom and freedom for women and freedom for *reality* in America. Scenes like this one may *have* made the moguls and executives spend two hours of their lives shitting pink, but I'm telling you they've liberated American women and that counts far more to me than any goddamn thing, so kiss my ass:

Roseanne: Jeez, I, like, slopped coffee over my dress.

Dan: This chair's kinda broke. I just fell off it!

Roseanne: That makes me real mad. Hey, I just smashed a cup.

Becky: Don't get mad, mom.

Dan: No, don't get mad, hon.

Roseanne: Like, why the goddamn not?

Dan and Becky: 'Cos we love you, Roseanne.

Roseanne: Aw, shucks. And I guess I kinda love the both of you too.

(Laughter and applause)

Let no one kid you that kind of scene comes easy 'cause sure as hell it don't. I employed fifteen different writers on that first line alone, and they worked their butts off for seventy-two hours without sleeping, like, with me coming and screaming: "You know what? You're all talentless bags of shit who ought to be kissing my ass for me allowing you to write on my show. 'Cause none of you have any goddamn talent. What kind of a dickass line is this: 'Jeez, I, like, slopped coffee over my *blouse*'? What the fuck do you tweedy little asses know about *real life*? None of you ever lived in a goddamned *trailer*, you screwasses! Roseanne doesn't wear a goddamn *blouse*. You better pack your goddamn bags 'cause if you don't come up with something better than a *blouse* you're gonna be out on the street, assholes."

I prefer to deal with them like that, because my psychiatrist says I've got to overcome my deep instinctive nonconfrontational impulses, inflicted on me by a bullying male-dominated society. So, like, after another twenty four hours the fifteen of 'em came up with:

Roseanne: Jeez, I, like, slopped coffee over my ***dress***.

ROSEANNE ARNOLD

And, like, I was pretty goddamn thrilled, 'cause that's a really great line, so to celebrate and to tell them I loved them I went into their room and I sacked only five of them. And, like, you should have seen the look on the faces of the other ten: they were just so fucking *grateful* they even smiled at me.

I am a gust of wind
Looking for a leaf to blow
I am a silvery cloud
Scudding over the horizon
In search of calm repose
I am a soul struggling to
regain
itself
From the oceans
of
despair
and
I'll like kick the shit out of your fucking dickhead asses you talentless fucking pricks
if you fail
to agree
with
me.

My fight, my battle, is the fight, the battle, for all women, everywhere, for all women who are sick to hell of the language of war and aggression employed by male society. And my fight is for women to stand up for themselves.

I make that pretty goddamn plain in immortal dialogue from "Roseanne" everyone in the world remembers like:

Roseanne: I'm not gonna do the washing-up today. You do the goddamn washing-up for once, I'm, like, sick of it.

Becky: Love ya, mom.

Roseanne: Jeez, hon, guess I went a bit wild just now. Love you, too. Heck, I got a swell idea — let's just like the leave the washin-up 'til tomorrow and have ourselves a beer!

(Laughter and applause)

I want women everywhere to be treated with the respect denied them for centuries by the ego-centred male. So I get pretty sicked-off when other women, fat-assed bitches who could piss acid through their noses, don't treat me with the respect I, as Woman, deserve. Like, last fall a woman, a goddamned dung-eating tumorous piece of shit, comes up to me on an airplane — and remember she wasn't even *permitted in first* class — and says, like, "Roseanne, I'm your number one fan, can I kindly have your autograph, please?", like as if the world owed her a living. So, I was like, Jesus, what am I gonna do, I'm like a child again, I can't handle it, like you wake up and there's this fat bitch asking for your auto, so, hell, like I guess I care too much, I completely regressed, so I say to Tom, that's my husband, get her goddamn outta here, and he stands up to the bitch and says, like, do you want me to drag you by the neck outside and beat the crap outta you? And we never hear another word from her. I hope this teaches women like me to stand on their own two feet, to kick ass, and not to take shit from goddamned anyone, right? As my therapist has taught me to say to myself each day as I arise, I am not a victim, nor will I ever be. And that goes for all goddamned victims, everywhere.

I'd like to thank the following for helping me write this diary. Love ya. There were times when it felt like it was so much unmitigated pain, like I was pulling my heart out with both hands and eating it with my mouth, and then regurgitating it and eating it again only this time having lost my teeth. But I got through it, I took all my pain and suffering and hurt and turned it into a really beautiful son, and for this I thank:

My doctors.

My kids.

My psychotherapists.

My dolls.

My razorblades.

My analyst.

All the people within me.

My talent.

My tremendous compassion.

My overdeveloped sense of justice.

My obsessive need to care.

The plain ordinary working woman within me who's still trying to scratch a living to provide food for her family.

© Roseanne Arnold Worldwide Corporate Enterprises 1994

RAY CHAPMAN MOTORS
Horsemarket Road, Malton, North Yorkshire YO17 0NB. Tel: (0653) 693751
– PRICES DO NOT INCLUDE TOAD TAX –
Whitby Gazette

GOODLOOKING MALE of 25yrs. Has brians, muscles and soh seeks slim, sporty, long haired genuine girl, 18-25yrs for fun relationship. You won't regreat it.
Friday Ad (Hastings & Bexhill)

A NORWICH toy and model shop is selling exact replicas of guns used by the SAS and trading standard officers and the police are powerless to do anything about it.
Norwich Evening News

We particularly welcome application from disabled people as they are currently under-represented in this type of work. We regret that wheelchair access is not available.
Shepherds Bush Advice Centre Job advertisement

Literary Review

Look back... in anguish

Damn You, England: Collected Prose
John Osborne
(Faber, £14.99)

QUEERLY enough, the "Angry Young Man" moniker was not of John Osborne's own devising, but the title of an autobiography by the Christian writer Leslie Paul, published in 1951.

Five years later, George Fearon, press officer of the Royal Court Theatre, was having trouble promoting *Look Back in Anger*, a play he privately detested. What, an inquisitive journalist wondered, did he think of the play's author, a Mr John Osborne? In desperation, Fearon conceded that Osborne was "a very angry young man".

What was he angry about? Judging by the earliest of the pieces assembled here, the usual late 50s and early 60s stuff. Tired old England (yawn). Tired old English middle classes ("The condition of being English is one of the last hideouts of guerilla romanticism"). Niggling sods who write for the literary weeklies. The state of the Labour party. Little of this has worn well.

The title rant, in particular, written in 1961 in response to the nuclear build-up, seems an especially unhappy piece of breast-beating ("You're rotting now, and quite soon you'll disappear. My hate will outrun you yet..." etc etc) and the attitudes struck in the theatrical bits are, well, just theatrical.

Increasingly, though, as a reminiscence of Noel Coward leads on to another *Spectator* diary and thence to crusty letters to *The Times*, what stands revealed is not anger but something a great deal more commonplace. In fact, what we have here is simply egotism: a highly overwrought monologue of conceit and irritation, taking in everyone from purblind dramatic critics to dunderheads who misspell his name on envelopes.

No literary vehicle is too modest to escape impressment into this dreary cavalcade. Book reviews are an excuse to sound off about the famous people he knew ("Then last year I came across the telegram from Switzerland :I LOVE YOU — NOEL"); diaries written either to puff his own work or moan about doctors and dentists who have the nerve to ask him how the writing's coming along ("Did Proust or Joyce suffer this dismissive interrogation in the consulting-room or dentist's chair?") An anniversary tribute to the Royal Court? "I think of all the actors I worked with and watched. Nobody could deny that it is a pretty remarkable list," Osborne modestly suggests.

Surprisingly, perhaps, for something focused so narrowly on a single object, the tone is a touch uneven. In particular, Osborne is a fine exponent of the care-but-don't-care technique, or rather care-but-don't-want-to-be-seen-to-care.

Thus the first night of *Look Back in Anger* is "an occasion I only partially remember, but certainly better than those who claim to have been present". Don't you love that "*claim to have been*"? Worse, perhaps, is the treatment of his potential audience, which veers sharply between flattery and sneering contempt. Pitied on the one hand for being downtrodden by patronising managers, the great mass of English theatregoers is then hastily damned for *liking* middlebrow claptrap all along. You can't win with this boy.

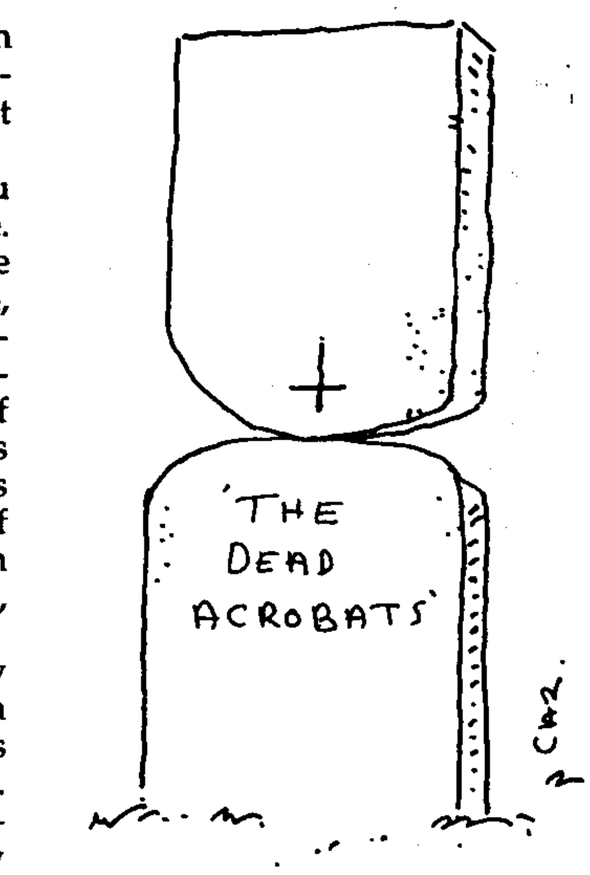
But then you never could. You can't deny him prescience, of course. There is a searing correspondence with the *Daily Telegraph*, circa 1964, in which, commenting on the demolition of some fine old Mayfair frontages, Osborne rails: "Supporters of your sort of newspaper will always sell out even traditional Tory values like loyalty, taste, the enjoyment of beauty and craftsmanship... even tradition itself — for a good old fast, easy buck."

The latter sections — notably some old *Spectator* diaries — afford a sorry reminder of what happens when Angry Young Men grow old. On Live Aid: "A generation of self-besotted yoof that can be gulled by such dismal stuff deserves the fine mess they've gotten us into". A hint of irony there? A shred of comic distancing? I fear not. It's the lament about the young being "self-besotted", though, that raises the biggest laugh of all.

■ BOOKWORM IS AWAY

BUENOS AIRES, April 1 (Reuter): Diego Maradona, downcast at his failure to resurrect his soccer career, has said he was consulting his psychologist over whether to give up the game for food.

The Times of India



THE PALUMBO STORY Part 94

WHILE James Palumbo tries to elicit public sympathy in his legal struggle against his father, the egregious Lord Palumbo, over the little matter of mismanaging the family trust, there are several small businesses whose principals will be disinclined to shed a tear.

They will also be astonished to see James described as "owner" of the money-spinning nightclub, the Ministry of Sound, at London's Elephant & Castle, since the very fact of his non-ownership of the club is what has protected him from angry creditors of its old management company.

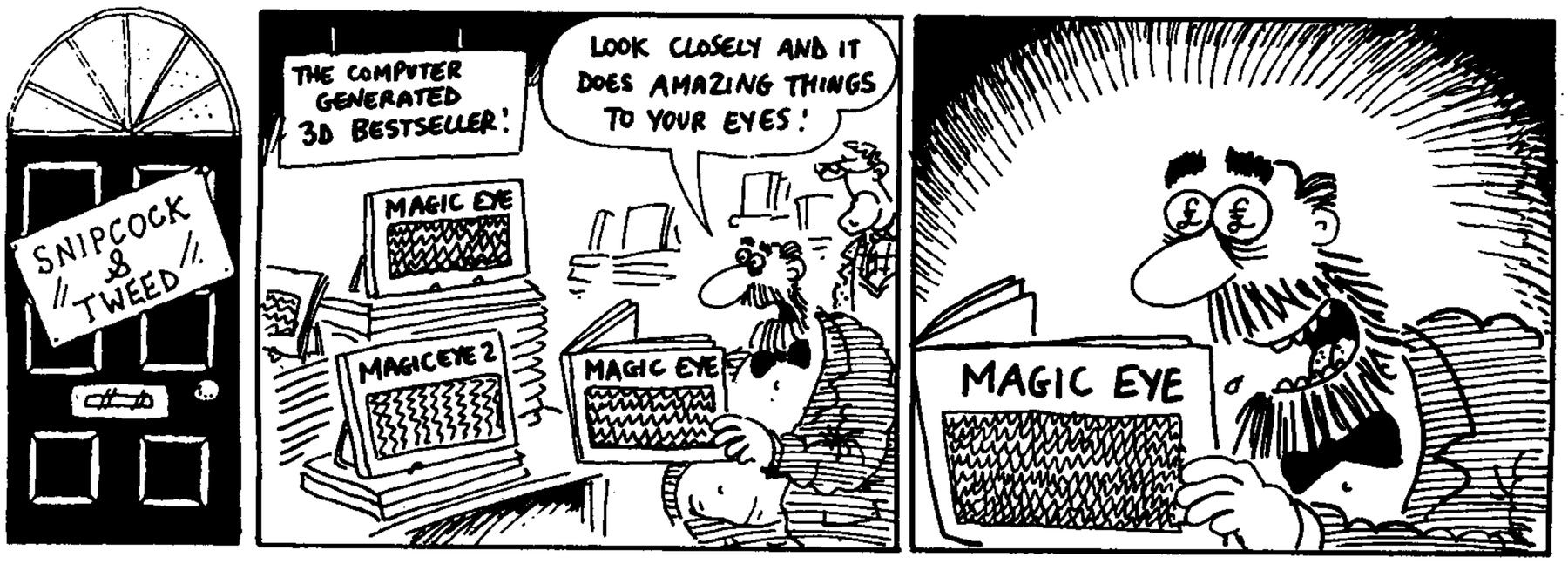
What has escaped the notice of the press is that Dance Studio UK Limited, the corporate entity with which Palumbo founded the Ministry of Sound, ceased trading in the autumn of 1992, a little over a year after it was set up, and was formally wound up on 9 December 1992.

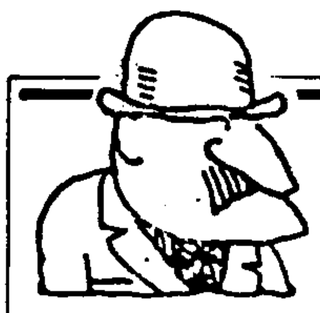
The club's main contractors Mantisson (a Birmingham firm) were owed £3,672.12; its electrical contractors, C. J. Bartley, were owed £8,844.54; and Entech, which supplied the high-tech lighting system, was owed £8,604.07. Simon White of Entech had not anticipated any problems because it was explained to him that the man behind the venture was the son of Lord Palumbo.

James Palumbo wrote to Rayner Essex, the chartered accountants representing the main creditors, explaining that Dance Studio UK had ceased to trade because its landlords had repossessed the building. Yet 18 months later the Ministry of Sound is still operating at the same Gaunt Street address and James Palumbo is still being treated as *de facto* owner.

He appears to have got round section 216 of the insolvency act 1986 (which restricts the reuse of company names) because he licenses the new company to trade under the name "Ministry of Sound" as he did the previous company.

He is understood to charge a huge sum for the licence to use the name of the club. Control of the new company was moved offshore to a Liberia-registered company, Valleyforce Inc, which is masterminded by James Palumbo's South African chum, Norman Bank.





In the City

IT IS NOT only John Major's onward march into the valley of summer electoral death which must give trade secretary Michael Heseltine cause to smile. He has just boosted his fortune by several millions thanks to the takeover of one of his less well known business interests.

For several years Heseltine, through his Haymarket Publishing Group, has been a major shareholder in Southern Radio which owns a string of local radio stations across Hampshire, Sussex and Kent. Haymarket was an early backer of Invicta Sound which merged with Southern three years ago. Haymarket owns nearly 23 percent of the listed company while Heseltine personally owned some 58,000 shares.

Earlier this month Capital Radio made an agreed and very generous £32.5 million takeover bid for Southern, which stands to net Haymarket, controlled by Heseltine family trusts, just over £7.4 million for its shares while Heseltine could pocket £67,000 personally.

Local radio is being shaken up by an expected consolidation into fewer, bigger players ahead of a relaxation in cross-media ownership regulations later this year. Capital's two London pop music stations' licences are up for renewal shortly, while the group may well be interested in expanding its empire when new licences are advertised. Doubtless Capital will be able to look forward to a sympathetic response.

FOR REASONS which defy truth or logic, City gossips have been suggesting that non-executive director Sir Michael Richardson, the highly regarded chairman of market makers Smith New Court, might have been a suspect in the investigation to detect the stock exchange "mole". Nothing could be further from the facts.

As is well known, Sir Michael, like his fellow freemasons, is not a man for betraying secrets. Nor is he someone who would ever seek favourable personal publicity or boost his ego by providing anonymous help to journalists in the style of the suspected "Shallow Throat". Furthermore, as the investigation proved, there was more than one source for the leaks and not all the information leaked could have been known to board members.

Those seeking to connect Sir Michael Richardson, friend of the good, the bad and Robert Maxwell, with the "mole" hunt clearly are as malicious as they are ill-informed.

"CHANGI JIM" Slater has rather belatedly (14 April) got around to reviewing his year as the *Independent*'s self-styled stock market "guru" — more than a month after the *Eye* (841) completed a similar assessment. Alas, the already unimpressive figures are getting worse, not better.

All of Slater's winners, even the all-important Flextech on which the majority of his "performance" relies, are on the slide. Slater informed *Independent* readers that £1,000 in each of 11 UK picks (four were losers) and splitting another £1,000 between three Hong Kong shares would have given an overall gain of 21 percent. But that assumes you could deal at the price Jim said to get in — an impossibility as has been made clear here if not in the naive *Independent*. Forced to admit this inescapable fact, Slater reduced the rise to just under 16 percent by taking the price one day after his tip went in. And on this he congratulated himself as it was well ahead of the 10 percent growth in the *FT* all-share index.

But that, as he forgot to say, overlooked the little matter of dealing expenses which Slater himself estimates at around 5 percent. Strip out those costs and the "guru" beats the market by just 1 percent! And even that assumes *Independent* readers, hardly likely to be full-time market players like Slater, would be as quick to get out applying his rules about cutting losses.

It will be interesting to see whether the "under new management" *Independent* feels its readers need the dubious benefit of the convicted company law breaker's non-money making advice — or if it decides to follow Slater's policy and cut its losses.

Meanwhile — the contradiction seemingly unnoticed by high-minded editor Andreas Whittam Smith — the *Independent*'s Sunday sister is now regularly publishing articles by Charles Raw, who in 1977 exposed how Slater blatantly abused a similar column in the *Sunday Telegraph* to boost personal profits.

IT IS difficult to know whether to laugh or cry every time the *Sunday Times* publishes its annual list of Britain's supposed richest families and individuals. The Wapping wannabes are seemingly incapable of learning from the embarrassing mistakes in five previous editions of this "authoritative guide" and so persist in repeating them.

The very day the latest list appeared (10 April) number 188 bit the dust when loss making fork lift truck maker Lancer Boss — "clearly a company run with a conservative balance sheet by its far sighted management" — collapsed into administration taking with it most if not all of the claimed £66 million fortune of its owners, Sir Neville and Trevor Bowman-Shaw.

But such blunders are par for the *Sunset Times*' list of the rich. Let us revisit the version for 1990 which commemorated the money makers of the Thatcher era.

Ranked number nine and weighing in at a modest £1.1 billion was none other than pension plunderer — or as the Wapping version went, "a huge donor to charities" — Robert Maxwell. A year later Maxwell had crept up to number eight! Within months the heavyweight crook was posthumously bankrupt to the tune of hundreds of millions.

Would-be Lord Petrol Pump Gerald Ronson was awarded half-billionaire status at £548 million on the back of his Heron empire. Today Heron is threatened with collapse owing banks and other creditors more then £1 billion.

London's largest landlord, Sighismund Berger, was another heavy hitter with a fortune estimated at £330 million. Last year Berger was forced into Britain's largest ever voluntary arrangement with creditors to whom he owed more than £100 million.

Another of the super-rich was Asil Nadir — "despite sceptical probing by investigative reporters, Polly Peck was not a seven day wonder and has prospered". Nadir's wealth was estimated at £213 million. A year later he was bankrupt owing up to £100 million and had been charged with stealing £150 million.

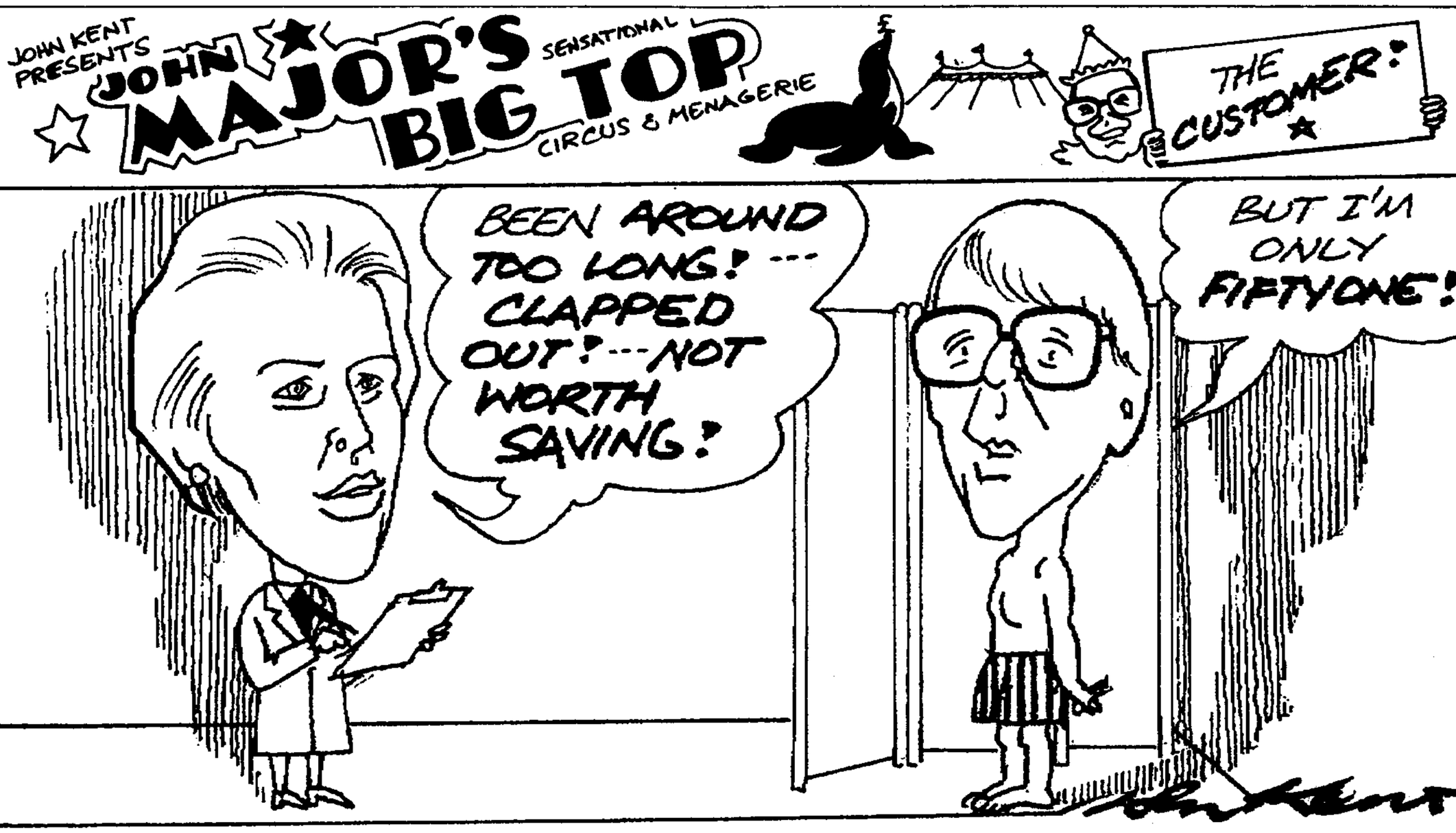
Other fraudsmen to make that 1990 list were Octav Botnar's jailed right hand man in the Nissan UK tax fraud Michael Hunt (£160 million), who faces a Revenue demand for £87 million, and Roger Levitt (whose personal wealth was put at £40 million months before he went bust owing £66 million).

Other bankrupts to star were Lord Beaverbrook (£50 million) and George Walker (£40 million).

Not bankrupt but in much reduced circumstances are wheeler-dealer Peter de Savary (£100 million); property men Stuart Lipton (£89 million) and Godfrey Bradman (£50 million); BCCI favourite Nazmu Virani, currently facing fraud charges (£80 million); and fellow Asian big time borrower Nurdin Jivraj (£50 million); and International Leisure crash survivor Harry Goodman (£23 million).

The secret of the *Sunset Times*' mistakes is simple. They only look at one side of the balance sheet, the assets. No estimate of an individual's wealth can be made without knowing how much is owed. Yet that is the financial fact the wealthy keep most from view. Anyone with a calculator can work out the assets — but without the debts such calculations are worthless.

'Slicker'


JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S SENSATIONAL BIG TOP
CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
THE CUSTOMER:
BEEN AROUND TOO LONG! --- CLAPPED OUT! --- NOT WORTH SAVING!
BUT I'M ONLY FIFTYONE!

footnotes

THE WEEKS IN WESTMINSTER

IT WAS most appropriate that the Tory party "despatched" treasury chief secretary Michael Portillo to stomp the hustings in the local elections campaign proclaiming the wondrous achievements of the Tory council at Westminster.

Portillo it was, in that embarrassing speech at Southampton university, who revealed that government in Britain was clean while abroad it was dirty. Who better to champion the council recently denounced by the district auditor for what could turn out to be the most rampant corruption in the whole soiled history of British council politics?

The Tory council responsible for the gerrymandering "homes-for-votes" strategy condemned by the district auditor was run by a triumvirate: millionairess Lady Porter; Barry Legg, now Tory MP for Milton Keynes; and Porter's deputy, an undistinguished marketing director called David Weeks.

Montacute's revenge

When Porter retired in 1991, Weeks took over the leadership. But his time in that high office was shortlived. He fell out with the council's managing director, Merv Montacute, who had been recruited from Wellington, New Zealand, and was not entirely delighted by what he found at Westminster. Last year, he organised a raid of Weeks's office. The raiding party came out triumphantly with a clutch of documents which Montacute refused to disclose.

Weeks went into paroxysms of rage and conducted a long vendetta against Montacute. When he proposed a not very sophisticated plan to sack Montacute by abolishing the office of managing director, the Tory group at last revolted, passing a vote of no confidence in Weeks, who resigned as leader. Montacute left not much later, taking himself off as far as he could go: Seattle.

Weeks has not been seen much in the council offices ever since. But amazingly he is standing again in next month's election in St George's ward. His reluctance to leave the council chamber may have something to do with his role as unofficial fundraiser for the Westminster Tories among the rich and influential.

Among the documents seized by Montacute in his raid on Weeks's office were letters written by Weeks seeking "help" for this year's election campaign. The district auditor was struck by the similarity of Weeks's campaigning style with the gerrymanders of past years. In all the letters there was a reference to the "eight marginal wards" where the homes for votes strategy had been carried out most effectively before the Tory landslide of 1990.

One letter went to the textile king Sir Harry Djanogly, chairman of Nottingham Manufacturing, Viyella etc. The last sentence read: "We have a systematic and costed business plan for the election which we will be happy to show you, but we can only buy resources as our cash flow allows. We have every intention of making this a cost effective campaign, and I do hope

Trying to clean up in Westminster: David Weeks (right) and friend

that you will be able to help us in our endeavour."

No one knows (and Nottingham Manufacturing certainly will not confirm) how Sir Harry responded to this appeal. One of the Tory candidates in the election, for the Regents Park ward, is called Jonathan Djanogly. A veritable stream of phone calls from the *Eye* to the Tory party locally and nationally failed to discover whether Jonathan is related to the textile king. A Conservative Central office spokeswoman revealed, remarkably: "Everything about candidates is secret."

A second letter was drafted in 1993 from Weeks to Elliott Bernerd, a property tycoon. There were the same not very subtle hints about business plans, cash flows and eight marginal wards. Bernerd's property company, Chelsfield, has been engaged since 1991 in anxious negotiations with Westminster council over a plan to develop the Wool House in Carlton Gardens: one of the most lucrative developments in the city.

Soliciting Tory funds from tycoons is run-of-the-mill. Soliciting funds from tycoons who have an active commercial interest in council decisions may not be so common.

Shirley some mistake

Confusingly, the prefix "Chel" keeps cropping up in Westminster council stories. Chelwood Holdings, registered in the Channel Islands in 1978, was one of the first companies to buy three cemeteries from Westminster council for 15 pence — a deal that didn't work out too well for ratepayers when the council, under Weeks, had to buy them back for £4.5 million. Chelwood Nominees was registered in Britain in 1986. Lady Porter and her husband were directors — but Lady Porter, who lives at Chelwood House, has always insisted the two companies were not connected.

A third letter from Weeks went to Bob Worcester, who runs Mori polls. Mori has done a lot of work for the council. Worcester, reputedly a Labour supporter, was surprised to get a letter soliciting funds for the Tories. He chucked the letter in the bin. But the fact that even he got a letter suggests Weeks might have written indiscriminately seeking funds from firms which did business with the council.

Roger the nosher

One anxious observer of the Westminster election is Lady Porter's former adviser, dubbed by the district auditor's staff as "the man with no name". This is Roger Rosewell, leader writer for the *Mail* newspapers and a prolific business consultant. Many staff at Westminster believe Rosewell effectively ran the council in the Porter days. He had his own office on Porter's secluded 18th floor.

Rosewell has taken an aggressive approach to the district auditor's revelations. He orchestrated the *Mail on Sunday* sob campaign over the suicide of former Tory councillor Michael Dutt (Dutt was universally detested by council staff for his eternal bullying). On occasions Rosewell's role as power behind the throne confused even himself. The district auditor was puzzled by one letter which should have been written by Lady Porter but was signed by the man with no name.

In the *Mail on Sunday* recently, Rosewell wrote a stirring appeal to "Bite the Bullet and Arm the Police". He should beware the consequences of such a policy. One day, the police may want to see him over the district auditor's Westminster report. If they come armed, a gun might go off by mistake. Lady Porter could lose a devoted consultant, the *Daily Mail* an eloquent leader-writer and the Connaught Hotel one of its most sophisticated gourmets.

MoD cons

■ WORKERS at the ministry of defence army officers' pay centre at Ashton-under-Lyne were not at all delighted to be called into the canteen on the Tuesday before Easter and asked to cooperate with accountants Price Waterhouse in their own sackings.

Army pay is being "centralised" in Glasgow and most of the Ashton workers expect to be sacked in the process. Their resentment turned to rage when they were asked by higher executive officer Harry Wardle to fill in "work measurement" forms provided by Price Waterhouse, the consultants brought in by the MoD to advise on the move.

There were loud cries of "Who do you think we are, BCCI?" — believed to have been a reference to the failure of Price Waterhouse, BCCI's auditor, to spot the biggest and most blatant fraud in the history of the world. Most workers refused point blank to fill in the forms. Most of the rest started filling them in but making disgraceful references to BCCI, the ministry of defence and even the Scott inquiry.

The row grew so mutinous that the colonel, David Kirkwood, had to be called. He made it clear that no disciplinary action would be taken against workers who refused to sign the form or filled them in incorrectly. To more angry shouts about Price Waterhouse, he responded: "Well, I can assure you that we've commented to them on our view of their competency." What can he mean?

Keeping up with the Jonas

MORE curious news from the Further Education Funding Council, which dishes out millions of taxpayers' pounds to further education colleges.

A prominent member of the FEFC is one Christopher Jonas, a partner in the big London surveyors and valuers, Drivers Jonas. On 8 April, the FEFC circulated all colleges with news of a "space measurement and usage survey of their premises". The colleges were told that the contract had been won, after competitive tender, by... Drivers Jonas.

Christoher Jonas

Sir William Stubbs

Thus Mr Jonas sits on a council which is handing out public money to a firm in which he is a senior partner. The *Eye* asked the following questions, and got answers from Sir William Stubbs, the former chief executive of the Inner London Education Authority, who is now the boss of the FEFC.

Q: How much will the contract cost the FEFC?

A: £81,216, including VAT.

Q: Did Mr Jonas have anything to do with the awarding of the contract?

A: No. Neither with the FEFC, nor with Drivers Jonas.

Q: Do you consider it would have been wiser not to have considered Drivers Jonas for this (or any other major) FEFC contract?

A: No. It's one of the major firms engaged in this area of buildings expertise and they were invited to tender along with others.

Q: Do you consider it would have been wiser to have declared Mr Jonas's interest in your message to colleges?

A: It wasn't necessary. The colleges had already been notified of the firms in which all the council members are involved.

PS: *Eye* readers may recall (11 March) that the FEFC recently appointed Philip Head, former chief executive of the disgraced Welsh Development Agency, as its property boss. The panel which appointed Head included FEFC council member Christopher Jonas. While Head was boss of property at the WDA, the agency's valuer was Drivas Jonas.

RELATIVELY GOOD STORY

■ **THE *Express & Echo* in Exeter thought it had an exclusive on 24 February when it reported a series of dramatic police raids across Devon and Cornwall.**

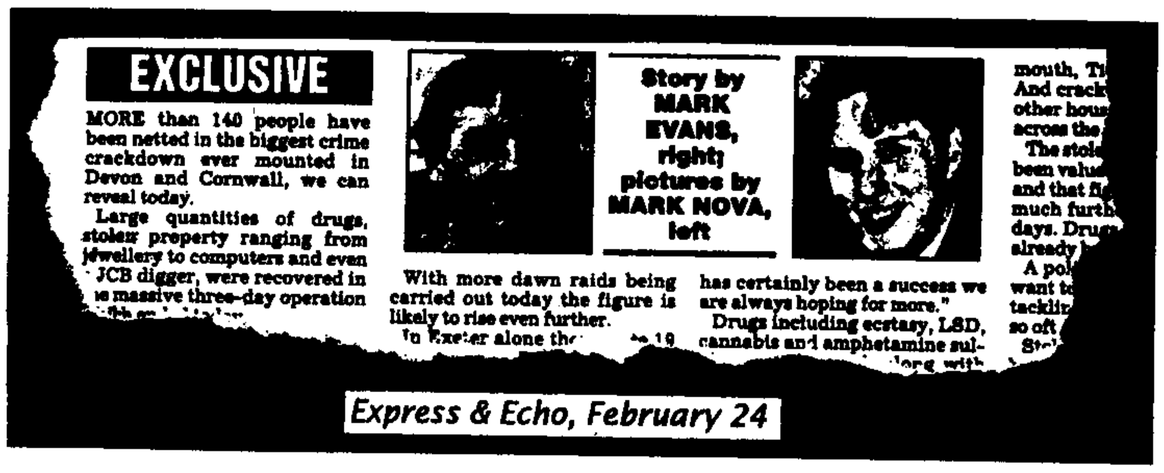
It proudly announced its "exclusive" under pictures of plain clothes officers, their faces conveniently obscured, breaking down a citizen's front door with a sledgehammer and charging inside.

This was Operation Restitution, in which hundreds of homes were raided in the two counties in the search for stolen property and drugs. In Exeter alone, the *Express & Echo* proclaimed gleefully, there were 19 raids and 34 arrests.

Whoops! As a Devon and Cornwall police spokesman confirmed to the *Eye*, this wasn't an exclusive at all. Though TV journalists were kept well away from the raids (the police preferred their own video team), other papers were invited to attend the raids.

On the same evening, for instance, the *Herald and Express* in Torquay carried a rather less triumphalist account of the raids in that town. Unlike the Exeter paper, the *Herald and Express* carried an angry comment from a shopkeeper whose shop was raided by 17 police, all to no avail. "What a waste of public money," the cheeky chap was quoted as saying.

Why was the Exeter story so much more sympathetic to the police? Certainly not because the reporter involved, crime correspondent Mark Evans, is the son of the chief constable of Devon and Cornwall.



EXCLUSIVE

MORE than 140 people have been netted in the biggest crime crackdown ever mounted in Devon and Cornwall, we can reveal today.

Large quantities of drugs, stolen property ranging from jewellery to computers and even a JCB digger, were recovered in the massive three-day operation

Story by MARK EVANS, right; pictures by MARK NOVA, left

With more dawn raids being carried out today the figure is likely to rise even further.

In Exeter alone the ... 19

has certainly been a success we are always hoping for more."

Drugs including ecstasy, LSD, cannabis and amphetamine sul-

mouth, Th... And crack... other hous... across the ...

The stol... been valu... and that fi... much furth... days. Drug... already ...

A po... want t... tackli... so oft... St...

Express & Echo, February 24

SAFETY: WHO GIVES A TRUCK?

BRADFORD deputy coroner Mark Hinchliffe has written to roads minister Robert Key about the killing last September of six people who died when a runaway lorry without a single effective brake smashed into a shop at Sowerby Bridge.

Mr Hinchliffe's letter will be made public on Friday 22 April, after the *Eye* has gone to press. But it is fair to assume from his verdict of unlawful killing and his obvious shock and outrage at the inquest that he will call for much more stringent regulation of lorry safety.

The department of transport, however, has sensitively anticipated any such demand by scrapping some of the existing regulations and making it easier for rogue lorries to roam the streets.

Under the catch-all "deregulation bill", the department is abolishing the requirement that lorry operators should automatically reapply for their licences every five years. As a result, once an operator has a licence he has it forever.

The extensive reviews, including police inquiries and objections, which accompanied the five-year reapplications, annoyed the road hauliers, especially the irresponsible ones. The department of transport tells the *Eye* that in 1992-93 164 applications to renew lorry operators' licences ran into the sand; 90 were refused outright and 74 were subject to "major variations of existing conditions". In almost every case the chief reason for refusing to renew was concern about safety.

The department insists that scrapping the five-year rule is merely an attack on unnecessary paperwork and that safety won't be affected. In fact, like the end of the enforcement of the London lorry ban (see *Eye* 841), the measure is a sop to the road haulage lobby, a huge donor to the Conservative party.

The department confirmed to the *Eye* that it had recently handed out a juicy contract to an outside consultant on lorry safety, Mr Peter Gerosa. True to form, it won't say how much public money was involved because that, it insists, is "commercial in confidence". It does confirm that Mr Gerosa has not been "outside" for long: he was until recently (it won't say when) a senior civil servant at the, er, department of transport. Asked if Mr Gerosa might have drafted the regulations raising the maximum weight of lorries to 38 tons, the department would not comment.

He's with the Norwich

■ **BOASTING in the Commons about new monitoring arrangements for the private pensions industry, Peter Lilley, the social security secretary, referred to the decision of Norwich Union to suspend its entire pensions sales force of 800.**

"That," said Lilley, "followed a monitoring visit by the authorities".

How very embarrassing. The "authorities" currently investigating all aspects of the Great Private Pensions Swindle is none other than the Securities and Investment Board (SIB), on whose advisory committee sits the chairman of the Association of British Insurers.

He is Allan Bridgewater, group chief executive of Norwich Union.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

HOW TO GET BY ON £1,000 A DAY!

Hello, my name is Rachael Meadows,

I drive a £125,000 Ferrari, I live in a beautiful country house, take five exotic holidays a year and will never have to work or worry about money again.

It hasn't always been like this. Three years ago, I decided that I had slaved hard and long enough in a factory and came up with an idea for making money right there on my kitchen table. My idea was so successful that within a couple of months, I had left my hum-drum dead end job and was already expanding my new business, which by now was starting to bring in phenominal profits.

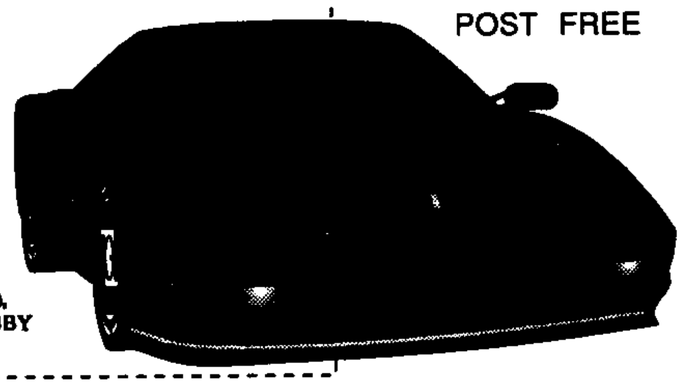
Now, three years later, I have decided to reveal the powerful, inside secrets that led to my success which most people don't even know exist!

Following my system, you are free to choose the days you want to work. You decide. My money making programme is complete, well written, precise, detailed and very simple to understand. It requires **no capital** or previous knowledge of business. It's legal and **it works!**

In fact, I'm so confident that these methods will work for you as they have for me, that I'm prepared to offer you a month long, risk free trial. If at any time you don't feel that it's worth at least ten times what you paid for it, then I promise to immediately refund your money - no questions asked.

Don't delay, fill the form in now - TODAY - and this time next week you could start making money. BIG MONEY!

ONLY £14.95
POST FREE



Yes! I want to learn how to get by on £1,000 a day. Please rush me the entire money making programme. I enclose a postal order/cheque for £14.95

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Send to Modern Publications (Dept. R.M.), Steeple House, Percy Street, Coventry CV1 3BY
Orders despatched within 7 days

UP TO 35% OFF RAY-BAN

World's finest sunglasses

C&T EYEWEAR Ltd

CHEAPER THAN AIRPORT DUTY FREE!

Full Bausch and Lomb guarantee · Soft or hard case (depending on model) included · Money back guarantee if you are not totally satisfied and return product within 10 days · Access/Visa/Amex/Switch Welcome.

ORDER LINE
081 943 4815
(24 hour service)

C&T EYEWEAR,
PO BOX 41,
TEDDINGTON,
MIDDLESEX,
TW11 0SZ

Delivery: Credit Card **72 hours** Cheque orders 10 days

* **NEW** RAY-BAN CROMAX DRIVERS - AVIATORS £69
OUTDOORSMAN £75
* **NEW** RANDOLF AVIATORS 52MM & 58MM ONLY £57! *
* **NEW** RAY-BAN BASEBALL CAPS - £10.99 (inc P&P) *

OTHER MODELS AVAILABLE: SEND SAE FOR BROCHURE

	MODEL	FRAME COLOUR	LENS COLOUR	RETAIL PRICE	OUR PRICE
1	WAYFARER	BLACK OR TORT	GREY	£69	£44
2	WAYFARER II	BLACK OR TORT	GREY	£75	£48
3	CATS 5000	BLACK	GREY	£79	£48
4	AVIATOR II	GOLD OR BLACK	GREY OR GREEN	£75	£50
5	BALORAMA	BLACK OR TORT	GREY	£89	£61
6	OUTDOORSMAN II	GOLD OR BLACK	GREY OR GREEN	£89	£61
7	TRADITIONAL STYLE 'C'	TORTOISE	GREY	£89	£61
8	AVIATOR II DRIVER	GOLD OR BLACK	B-15 TGM	£95	£68
9	OUTDOORSMAN II DRIVER	GOLD OR BLACK	B-15 TGM	£105	£75
10	PREMIER TRAD B+D	TORT-SHELL	GREY	£99	£73
11	CLASSIC ROUND	GOLD OR BLACK	GREY	£109	£79
12	WAYFARER MAX II	BLACK OR TORT	GREY	£109	£79
13	CLUBMASTER	BLACK & GOLD	GREY	£109	£80

VAT INCLUDED - POSTAGE & PACKING £1.50

NEW! PRESCRIPTION LENS -
Single vision, available for all Ray-Bans to the power + or - 3SPH, up to + 2CYLS - ask for a prescription order form.

PRIVATE EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDER FORM

Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
UK: £15 Europe & Eire: £22 Elsewhere: Surface £22 Air £28

Magazines to:

NAME

ADDRESS

Please print & use the postcode

I enclose cheque/PO for £. . . . .
OR
Please charge ACCESS VISA Card expires: ____ / ____
Card number:

Cardholder's name & address if different from above

OR: Why not 'Dial-A-Sub' 071 228 0425 'Fax-A-Sub' 071 924 3719
Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order **OR** Bankers Draft in £ Sterling drawn on London **OR** ACCESS/VISA.

HOW TO MAKE IT WITH GIRLS

Introducing the most powerful system *ever* for being successful with girls! Are you fed up with seeing pretty women walking by and not knowing what to say to them? Do you wish you could walk up to ANY woman you choose and set a date?
Well now you can! "How to make it with girls" is a fantastic new course that will show you everything you need to know to turn you from a shy ordinary guy into a highly successful ladies man - **guaranteed.**

Includes topics such as...

- Opening lines that work like a dream.
- A simple rule that will immediately double your number of dates.
- How to instantly become more 'sexy'.
- Be confident and at ease in any situation.
- How to get girls to pick you up!
- How plain men can easily get dates with gorgeous girls.
- How to make girls fancy you without even trying.
- How to maintain an amazing and enviable sex life.

...and much, much more.

Everything contained in this course has been proven in real life situations and works like magic. Just listen to what some of our previous customers have to say (copies available on request).

★ "I can't believe how simple but effective your course really is, the information in here is *dynamite*. Girls just love me and I can't do a thing wrong."

★ "Its amazing, I'm now going out with the girl I've always fancied but before now, never dared to ask. Thank you so much."

★ "Before learning your techniques I had tried everything on the market to make me more successful with women - but nothing seemed to work. Now things couldn't be better and I see a different girl every night of the week"

*** SPECIAL OFFER ***
ONLY £12.95 POST FREE

Yes! I want to make it with girls. Please rush me the complete 'How to make it with girls' course which includes a dynamic hour long audio tape plus easy to follow guide book. I enclose a postal order/cheque for £12.95

Name..... Address .....

..... Postcode .....

Send to **Modern Publications (Dept. G)**, Steeple House, Percy Street, Coventry CV1 3BY
Orders despatched within 7 days under plain cover

specialEYEs

entertainment

GIVING A PARTY?

* Entertaining a wide spectrum of people?
* Wondering what on earth to do?

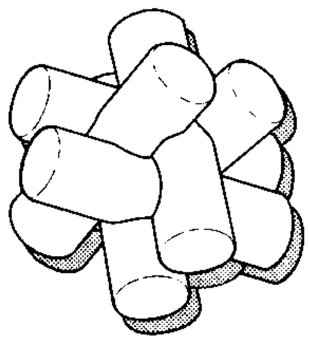
A games party will involve everyone, on equal terms. 'Mixers' is a box of 6 great games. A complete 'party in a box' for £29.95 (plus £3.95 p&p). Order direct on (0282) 443311. Or for more information ring 061-927-7997

Mixers
games that bring people together

FIDDLE!

Mind challenge of the year. Fiddlepegs is a six piece softwood brain teaser to baffle even the smartest Alec.

£6.95 Inc p+p.



GET ON THE FIDDLE!

IT'S ADDICTIVE

Send cheques and P/O's to:
FIDDLEPEGS, 1 Beech Terrace,
off Smarts Lane, Loughton,
Essex IG10 4BT. 081 508 5507
Immediate Despatch

Patent Pending

THE ODDBALL JUGGLING CO

We have been juggling since the 70s
Over 14 type of unicycles &
30 types of clubs
Retail Mail-order & wholesale
323 Upper street.
3 mins from Angel tube
tel:071 354 5660
2 Camden lock Camden High St
4 mins from Camden tube.
And 34 Cowley road Oxford tel:0865 200678

gifts

HAMPERS & GIFT BOXES

HAMPERS

Asti Spumante / Belgian Chocs	£27.50
Asti Spumante / Blueberry Cake	£30.00
Champagne / Choc Liqueur Cake	£37.50
Champagne / Belgian Chocolates	£37.50
Champagne / Smoked Salmon	£39.50
Champagne / Port	£40.00

GIFT BOXES

Bottle of Champagne	£26.00
Bottle of Champagne in Pine Box	£30.00
Port and Stilton in Pine Box	£33.50
Champagne Magnum in Pine Box	£40.00

WICKER & BOX 0602 603485

PROBABLY THE BEST WINE GIFT is THE CELLAR BOX

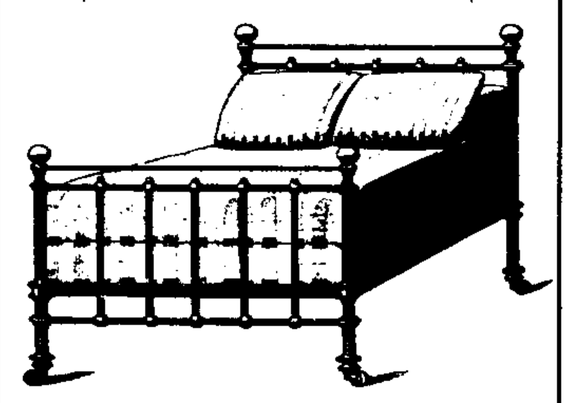
CONTAINING VARIOUS
WINE RELATED ITEMS
All for only **£19.99**
RING FOR BROCHURE :0225 742 864
The Cellarman. Grove Cottage, Box, Wilts.

RENT A ROW OF VINES

in a top French Vineyard.
Quality wine and great fun.
A UNIQUE GIFT
For a brochure ring
0205 820745
or write quoting ref PE to
3D Wines, Holly Lodge, High Street,
Swineshead, Lincolnshire PE20 3LH

home

BEDSTEADS



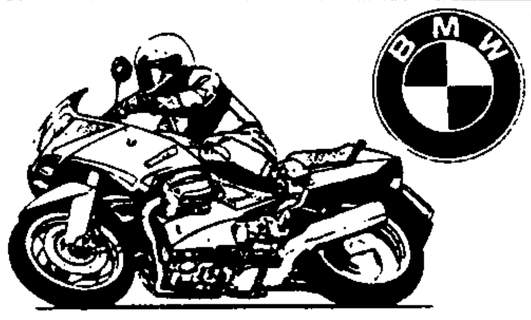
Original Brass & Iron Bedsteads
Remanufactured beds & odd sizes a speciality
Traditional mattresses and bases available
No. 18 Clifton Arcade,
Boyces Ave. Clifton, Bristol BS8 4AA
Telephone: 0272 272874

business

"It's Eyemazing.....
1500 different computer consumables for home and office, at great prices with FREE DELIVERY.

CLP Computer Supplies, FREEPOST
Blandford, DORSET, DT11 7BR
Tel 0258 459544 Fax 0258 459565

motoring



The Thames Valley BMW Centre
Open 7 Days for Sales & Parts
Monday-Saturday for Service

• Finance • Clothing • Insurance •

Learn to ride with us.
Intensive training courses
Born again courses

for all your BMW needs, call Tim Angus at
Cooper Reading 0734 500100
Kings Meadow Road, Reading, Berks RG1 8BN

travel

GREEK ISLAND WANDERING

Plan the odyssey of your dreams. Roam among a choice of 40 idyllic isles

Free Brochure 0580 860733
Quote ref PE4 ATOL 3116

Russia Trans-Siberian Mongolia

One Europe Travel
081 566 9424

books

How contemptible in my eyes is the woman who, concerning herself very little with her lover's pleasures, values him only for the duration he can give to hers

THE MARQUIS DE SADE

A biography and a note of hope
by Robert del Quiaro

This book reveals the fear in the mind of the most notorious of pornographers

An original paperback from Messidor Books
£14.99

meeting people

Dinner Dates

As featured on BBC's FOOD & DRINK, GMTV, LWT, YOU & YOURS etc

Enjoy meeting the right people in the right places. Wonderful dinner parties in top restaurants in London, N.W. and S.E. England, weekends away, special events, foreign holidays, for fun seeking single people.

Tel: 081-741 1252 (London)
0978-823600 (N.W.) 081-658 9441 (S.E.)

Party! SO GOOD Party!

WE NAMED IT TWICE
Enjoy meeting and making new friends in the ambience of fine venues in Knightsbridge, Mayfair, Chelsea.
MUSIC • DANCING • CANAPES • GLASS OF WINE
PARTY! PARTY! WITH US!
For upcoming venues call:
Day: 071 248 1362 Eve: 071 289 0220

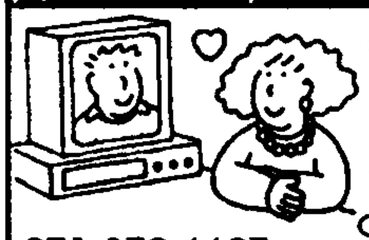
tête à tête

Tête à Tête invites to join our exclusive club for busy professional ladies and gentlemen.
Tête à Tête events include dining at prestigious London restaurants, entrée to night clubs, balls, and race meetings, house parties and more.
0442 879074 or 081-788 8976

PERSONAL Touch

A discerning introduction service for today's professional people.
071 915 0115 / 0117
Kensington W.8.

Natural Attraction



executive dating service for singles of integrity
071-379-6697
17 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden

TO USE THIS PAGE PLEASE CALL IRENE EVANS ON 071 437 2717

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES (INCLUDING 17½% VAT)

Regular style £1.50 a word.
Centred semi-displayed advertisements £3.20 a word.
Box numbers £8.00 each
(including forwarding of replies).

Send your advertisements with your name, address, telephone number and cheque or postal order (payable to **PRESSDRAM LTD** - no cash please) to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS, VISA or SWITCH cardholders may dictate advertisements on 071 734 6887 (24hrs) or Fax details on 071 437 0705. Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Send your advertisements to reach us by Tuesday 26th April for inclusion in the next issue.

FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISING: 071 437 4017

Quote of the week:

My secret for a long life: ***Take your medicine from Dr Lamb and Dr Bell daily. Keep out of mischief and stay out of wars.***

Michael Manley (104), Mail on Sunday

'TESTING THE WATER', it was decided to kill my dog. Order given to local police who delegated heroic deed to John Bannon Roberts of Mertyn Lane. Summer 1983. C.T.

THE BRIDGEWATER FOUR are innocent. Write and tell Michael Howard. Johnjoe ÅSA.

JULIA. Write to me. Box 0144.

TOM IS FORTY. AL/SL.

ROGER — never mind the Strangers.

NOTICE TO ASPIRING cartoonists. Please include a stamped addressed envelope with your roughs and send them to the editor, Private Eye, 6 Carlisle St, London W1. Faxed roughs 437 0705. (Could cartoonist who signs himself 'Haws' let us know his address.)

HILDA MURREL CASE. M. Cowen present. C.T.

SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray. See "Eye Help".

SICK OF THE BAYWATCH wannabes? Send £2, SAE, for "Nice Tan Shame About The Skin Cancer" car stickers. Join the 'ANTI SUNTAN CLUB', 33 Barrington Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0880 906609.

LAUGH YOURSELF SILLY. "Beastly Bonking" cartoon poster by return post. £7.00 'WORDPLAY', Garden Lane, Chester CH1 4EY. 0244 378927.

FREE TRANSVESTITE photographic styling session at exclusive premiere London studio. Confidential bookings 071 359 2289.

"FAT BASTARD!" Are one? Know one? Huge porky logo on mug. £4.99 (+£1 p&p) to ARTSYFARTSY, 2 Victoria Street, Worcester WR3 7BD.

"COME BACK MAGGIE... All is forgiven" — T-shirt. £9.99 (inc). Immediate delivery. Cheques POs to BBS, PO Box 66, Scarborough, N Yorks YO12 7YJ. Credit cards: 0374 404802 (24 hrs)

"I HATE 'I HEART' car stickers". Strike back at the wallies who "heart" Clacton and Airedales. What next? Anoraks? Also, "Don't Blame Me — I Don't Vote in Huntingdon" £3.95 ea. LISTEN 27, Dalysfort, Galway, Eire. Access/Visa 00-353 912 3517.

"BACK TO BASICS — the party's over!" Car stickers £1 + SAE, brochure £1. STICKIT, 21 Lindum road, Lincoln LN2 1NS.

BALLOON FLIGHTS Berks/ Hants/ Herts/ Surrey, great gift idea, £95. ADVENTURE BALLOONS 081 840 0108.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International star registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £47.50 inclusive. Access/Visa/Diners/Amex/cheque. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

BALLOON SAFARIS: Around London / South-East. Gift Vouchers. 0784 451007.

PRENUPTIAL agreements. His/ hers, parent/ teenager, realistic, humorous. £12. CONTRAX, 10 Cross Street, Hove BN3 1AJ. 0273 738783.

A "TITLE" for a tenner? Oh yes. Details from SURVIVAL (P), Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland DD11 1QJ.

CARICATURIST for parties and trade fairs. 081-520 7262.

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE. Your unique message printed on the label. Delivered nationwide next day. £24.95. 071-622 4452.

FLYING DUCKS, Cops 'n' Robbers, Doctors & Nurses, Dinosaurs... SAE for wallplaque catalogue: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (0273 606240.) Access/Visa.

LAKELAND STEAMY PASSION. Experience steering a traction engine on country roads. Details tel 0946 861175.

SMOKING PARAPHERNALIA and herbs. Free lists £1 (refundable) for colour catalogue. P. P. P. (P.), FREEPOST, PO Box 12, Tenby, Pembs. SA70 7ZZ. 0834 843074.

BIRTHDAY DUE? Give someone an original NEWSPAPER dated the very day they were born. 0492 531195.

CARICATURES FROM PHOTOS! Give hobbies, idiosyncrasies, £15 colour or B/W. PO/cheque: BARKER TOONS, Suite 401, Langham House, 302 Regent St, London W1R 5AL.

THE LIBERAL PARTY. Unlike the three main parties, the Liberal Party rejects personality politics, is anti-Maastricht and anti-nuclear. For more information write to: 22 Gayfere Street, London SW1P 3HP. Tel 071 233 2124.

POLITICIANS! show them you're an individual. Monster Raving Loony lifetime membership and pack. Send £7.99 to Loony Marketing Ltd, Marriner's Drive, Bradford BD9 4JT. Delivered before election day!

99% OF POLITICS is crap! Find out about the 1% that isn't. For free magazine write: SOCIALIST STANDARD, Freepost, London SW4 7BR.

LADYTEC INVESTIGATES discreet, professional, reliable. 0372 467951. 0831 109717

ENIGMA INVESTIGATIONS. Discreet personal and commercial enquiries. Tel. 081 675 8885

MISSING PEOPLE FOUND, bodyguards, debt collection, ex forces. 071 221 7641.

DETECTIVE AGENCY. 0443 217597. 0443 441032.

FREE CATALOGUES. Chess/ bridge/ backgammon/ scrabble/ football and wrestling videos/ Theatre music and videos/ Racing books and betting software. (State which catalogue) write, telephone, fax 071 490 1708, NEWBURYS, 281 City Road, London EC1V 1LA.

PHOTOCOPIERS — FAXES — COMPUTERS
Sales — Rentals — Service — Parts
Mobile telephone: 0860 791277
Telephone: 081 207 2256
Supplied by
PERFORMANCE SYSTEMS LTD

EYE PROTECT! Safety footwear, goggles etc. Fire and safety signs printed/engraved. Nationwide. WORTHING SAFETY fonefax 0903 761288.

SPANKING! We're giving the competition one, with these amazing deals: remote-control CD players from under £80; Teac cassette decks at just £59.95; top-name 35-watt amplifiers only £59.95; £££s off other systems and hundreds of other top-brand hi-fi separates too, all at crazy prices. RICHER SOUNDS, Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hrs) for your FREE 16-page catalogue/price list.

DISCREET SURVEILLANCE equipment, Books, Videos. QUANTEK ELECTRONICS, 021 411 1821.

T-SHIRTS screenprinted. 0736 66248.

WHY TYPE DOCUMENTS when our scanning service will convert them directly into word processing text in any format. Only 50p per sheet. Minimum order £10. Phone STATUS COMPUTER SYSTEMS, 061-905 1394.

STD CODE DECODER locates advertisers. 1994 edition. £3. Two copies £5. OAKLEY PUBLISHING (PE), Surlingham Lane, Rockland St Mary, Norwich NR14 7HH.

OLD PERSIAN RUGS. Marquee sale of many old Oriental rugs at Kent Country House. 30th April, 1st & 2nd May. Mostly £100-£3,000. Card, details: DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871353.

GROW-LIGHTS GROW any plant from seed to maturity indoors or in greenhouse all year round. Free brochure SUNLIGHT SYSTEMS, (Dept PE), 3 St Mary's Works, Burnmoor Street, Leicester LE2 7JJ. Tel: 0533 470490/470488.

NEWSPAPER DECOR — Tel: 09884 2455.

GLASGOW AREA. Non-conformist, adaptable people needed now! Radicals, anarchists, thinkers all welcome (no psychos please). Details from ANASTASIA: 041 221 5889.

HOMEWORKERS REQUIRED 0850 465255.

£100 PER NIGHT? Through television at home. Genuine lucrative business. SAE JORVICK CONNECTIONS, 34 Acorn Way, Woodthorpe, York. YO2 2RW.

ROULETTE. Substantial profits from casinos! Unique new method took six years research. SAD: Flat 8(E), 33 Westbourne Terrace, London W2 3UR.

WORK FROM HOME! Earn £££s on a part-time basis. (Money back guarantee). PAT ASSOCIATES, (PE), PO Box 1307, London W5 2WG.

WHY GAMBLE? Test/ develop roulette systems using sophisticated PC software. Telephone now 0457 861211 (24 hour answerphone) for free information.

TO RECEIVE £600 for £140 phone 0226 740966 (ref: BLU002).

TRAINEE PARTNERS — graduates (aged 23-35) of any discipline with some working experience sought by manager at prestigious financial company based in the Bloomsbury area of London for immediate start as trainee partners. Very high financial rewards for hard-working, ambitious people. Successful candidates will be articulate, imaginative and well organised. No previous experience of finance necessary. Telephone CHRISTOPHER McCRACKEN on 071 436 1824.

WORKING FROM HOME sending out commission circulars. SAE APPLETON, 4 Stanley Street, Bingley, West Yorkshire BD16 4NH.

EYES 507 - 843. Few missing. Offers 0424 426021.

EYES 180-813. Offers? 0647 231234

EYES 734-836, 2 missing. 0246 209722

EYES 295 TO DATE. Offers? Box 4744.

MAIL/ TELEPHONE/ FAX,from £7.50 a month. MAILMINDERS 071 490 1708.

DON'T GET MAD get even. Revenge by the professionals. 0903 765014.

COMPANY CAR TAX has just changed. You could pay too much or too little. Check quickly with IBM PC software AUTOTAX program, £12.50 inclusive, 3.5" disk (DOS). 93/94 comparisons, reports, analysis, all factors considered. WESTBAY TECHNOLOGY Ltd, PO Box 32, Ulverston, Cumbria LA12 9SL.

CVs BY DTP professional. The ultimate first impression. £19.95 Ten copies, fifteen letterheads. Matthew Bate 0622 759400.

MAILING ADDRESS £8 month. 0707 326173.

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and troubleshooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 071-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

SPEECHWRITING service, guaranteed to "make 'em laugh or no fee". Fully customised, confidential, speedy. UK's No 1 humorous speechwriter since the '70s; MITCH MURRAY. 0624 622660. Access/Visa.

COVERT SERVICES. 0222 891372.

STUNNING CVs
0985 214670

ACCOMMODATION Address. Full Business Services. Confidential. Economical! 081-688 8144.

DOCUMENT SCANNING from STATUS COMPUTER SYSTEMS. See 'Eye Sell'.

FLOOR SANDING, Bath, Bristol, Salisbury areas. 0722 790545.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS (Angel, Islington). Your name, our address. 071-833 3518.

DIRTY DEEDS done discreetly. Despatch details. Box 8340.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

LIBEL/SLANDER — solicitors specialising in defamation available for advice at reasonable cost. DAVID PRICE & CO. 071-916 9911.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS:
discreet/confidential
mail/message-holding service.
Regent Street — 071-580 4242.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: Savile Row, W1. Mail and packages held/forwarded worldwide. 071 287 3301.

GOVERNMENT AUCTION NEWS — 071-928 9001

NUDIST — How to become one. Illustrated booklet £3. Cheque Islington Arts Unit 423, 31 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1R 0AT.

EROTICA, QUALITY and rare editions, Sade, Grove, Olympia & Luxor Press etc. Sent £2.00/$5.00 for catalogue to : DELECTUS BOOKS, Dept P, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX.

THE DTP REVOLUTION hits Britain. Join it, do it yourself. The 1994 SMALL PRESS YEARBOOK now on sale — £9.95 + £1 p&p. Lists 2,000 small presses in Britain. Plus "Do It Yourself Guide" and "Resources Directory" — distributors, services and media contacts. SMALL PRESS GROUP, 20 Paul Street, Frome, BA11 1DX. Credit cards, membership details: 0373 451777.

GIRLS' OWN magazine — for women who prefer women. £2. B.M. PRINCESS (P.E.), London WC1 (full address).

LEARN TO DRIVE courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. 0492 531517.

WINE APPRECIATION. Evening courses — for all levels — in Central London. From only £40 per course. Tel "WINE GUIDE" 071 790 4996.

SCAN DOCUMENTS for dissertations and projects directly into text without all that retyping. See STATUS COMPUTER SYSTEMS, 'Eye Sell'.

LEARN TO DRIVE. Various UK centres. 0594 543863

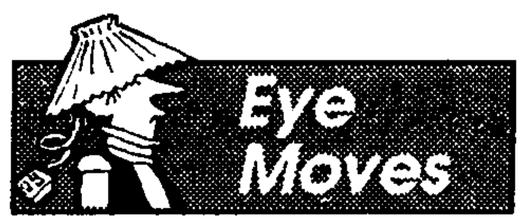
CRASH DRIVING COURSES in beautiful Bath. 0225 420352.

EAR — Esoteric Audio Requirements 0732 763046

SING MONTEVERDI, Victoria, Wiltshire or Burgundy. July, August. 0249 730468.

MALE STUDENT seeks interesting summer work. Box 0344.

BUFFETS & DINNER PARTIES
in your home or your office.
Wide selection of menus,
excellent references.
FRANCES TEMPLETON,
071-792 8359.



IRISH REMOVALS. Owner driver. UK—Ireland weekly. 0232-838111 anytime.

STUFF MOVING — London area. 081 299 1398.

BAYES OF HAMPSTEAD. Established 1923. For quality storage and removals anywhere in the world — notwithstanding our name. 071-435 3694.

NORTH LONDON Moves. 081-889 3372.

JAMES REMOVALS. Household and office. Storage and packing. 071-431 1713.

COUPLE COUNSELLING. JACQUELINE SELBY. 081 450 4958.

HYPNOTHERAPIST. AIHP registered. Free consultation 081-749 4919.

PROBLEMS? Constructive psychotherapy, Oxford Circus or Sussex. Leaflet 0342 823 123.

CONFIDENTIAL CONTINENTAL mailing address. Box 4644.

RIPPED OFF BY your receiver/liquidator/administrator? Discreet journalist seeks stories. Letter to Richardson, 131 Hartington Road, Brighton.

CND IS PLANNING its third national art exhibition and sale, 14th May to 18th June. The 1992 exhibition was a great success, raising a total of just under £16,000 for CND. We are asking artists to donate watercolours, oils, lithographs, etchings, silkscreens, cartoons etc. Contact VICTOR TESSER, project organiser, 42 Lauradale Road, London N2 9LU.

PLAGIARISED? Duped PhD student wants to discover this practice's extent. Send name of University, subject, year, don(s) to Box 0244.

SPONSORS REQUIRED for Bite Size Theatre Company's forthcoming production of Samuel Beckett's "Not I" and a new play by Trevor B Maynard. Autumn production. Box 0644.

CAN ANYONE LEND ME £30,000 (unsecured loan). Can repay. Full details on request. Box 0744.

FEMALE EXPLORER/WRITER urgently requires sponsorship for unique SE Asian wildlife project featured on BBC World Service etc. Major international publicity opportunity for business sponsor. 081 671 2814.

DESERTED WIFE, handicapped child needs £6,000 to rehouse. Box 0444.

FINAL YEAR STUDENT needs money for work experience in China. Box 0544.

GRADUATE SEEKS TRAVEL companion(s) — anywhere considered (June/July/August). Box 8444.

THE BEACH. Italian village house sleeps six from £100 ppw. 0242 528904.

ROTTINGDEAN — 3 MILES FROM BRIGHTON
B&B in comfortable house by sea
from £12.50.
Tel 0273 301269
for brochure.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED clifftop Edwardian holiday home — overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Cornwall's Roseland peninsula. Phone 042 482 404.

SOMERSET: 2-bedroom Glastonbury town-centre house for holiday lets. Study, lounge, dining room, kitchen, bathroom. Overlooks the ancient abbey, only 2 minutes from the High Street and a short walk from the Tor. Phone for brochure: 0234 211606 (often answerphone).

AFRICAN SAFARIS — 4 to 19 weeks adventure camping expeditions. For detailed brochures: PHOENIX OVERLAND 0533 626899.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK in Spain. From £4 per person per day. Phone LETS AWAY 081 868 2322.

SURFARI — wind-surfing/surfing — beginners weekend breaks — pub accommodation North Devon £95. Tel 0271 861139 or 0237 451458 for details.

HEREFORDSHIRE HOLIDAY cottages. 0432 851062.

BOX NUMBER INFORMATION

Private Eye Smalls, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG

IF YOU REQUIRE A BOX NUMBER

Our box numbers are for personal advertisers only (not commercial) — the cost is £8.00.

HOW THEY WORK

Replies are sent to Private Eye and are strictly confidential. We mail them to you initially about 2 weeks after your advertisement has appeared and then (approx) fortnightly for a total of 8 weeks.

REPLYING TO BOX NUMBERS

Only one reply — Send your reply in a stamped addressed envelope to Private EyeSmalls (address above) and mark the box number clearly on the front of the envelope.

More than one reply — Put each reply in an unstamped envelope, seal it and mark the relevant box number clearly on the front of each envelope. Then put them all in a larger stamped envelope addressed to Private Eye Smalls (address above).

Your reply is then forwarded by us to the advertiser.

AFRICA... THE ULTIMATE adventure holiday destination. With 20 years experience in Camping and Lodge based Safaris, TRACKS is the African specialist. Tours from 8 days to 18 weeks are featured in our new 1994/95 brochure. For your free copy contact TRACKS, 12 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AF. Tel: 071-937 3028.

ASIA, AFRICA, South America overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks. S. America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hours).

AFRICAN ADVENTURES from 25 days to 30 weeks. Tour prices from £350 to £1,937. For a brochure and details of video shows phone BUKIMA AFRICA 081-451 2446.

ALDERNEY, Channel Islands — peaceful, quiet, cliff walks, sandy beaches. Farm Court Guest House, b&b or self-catering. Ring 0481 822075 for details.

GREECE — FLY DIRECT to Mykonos, the heart of the Cyclades Islands, for simply great holidays in villas, pensions and tavernas on Mykonos, Paros, Antiparos, Naxos, Ios, Santorini, Milos, Sifnos etc. SIMPLY SIMON HOLIDAYS, ATOL 2578, 071-373 1933.

SAILING is therapeutic. Introductory weekend £100, 5 days £200. Professional instructor on 34ft yacht. Solent. 0983 855559.

AFRICAN TRAILS — overland camping safaris. 4-27 weeks. 081-742 7724.

NORTH WALES — cottages from £62 per week. 0743 81543.

SAILING ADVENTURE in Turkey. 50ft skippered yacht. Waterski, windsurf, take part or just sunbathe. Brochure 0245 382416.

ADULT DISNEYWORLD! Thailand and the Philippines — singles specials. Thailand, 12 nights from £599. Philippines, 14 nights from £749. For brochure Tel 0481 823417.

SAFARI CAMPING adventure holidays. See the well-known and more remote Africa — in close-up — on over 50 different Adventures and Expeditions from the African Specialists. Colour brochure, telephone: 0373 826611 (24 hrs). GUERBA EXPEDITIONS LTD, 101 Eden Vale Road, Westbury, BA13 3QX.

ADULT WEEKEND TRIPS Amsterdam from Bristol/London. 0380 830837.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE. From Alaska to Australia, Cambodia to Costa Rica, Mali to Madagascar... Small group exploratory holidays in more than 80 countries. Wilderness experiences, cultural tours, walking, rafting, sailtreks, seatreks, tribal encounters... Get beyond the tourist facade! In Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa, Australasia, the Americas. 1 to 4 weeks. For free 100-page colour brochure call: (0252) 344161 (24 hrs). AITO/ATOL Bonded.

COTSWOLD GLIDING Club. Five day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction, £225. Accommodation lists supplied. Telephone 0285 760415 for brochure.

AMSTERDAM SMOKERS' WEEKEND every Friday — £35 — 0282 450275 (any time).

TRUCK AFRICA, intrepid camping expeditions, 4-27 weeks. 071 731 6142 (24 hrs).

HIMALAYAN MOUNTAIN BIKE tours in North India departing 9th July, 13th August, 29th August. Treks and jeep safaris from June. HIMALAYAN FOLKWAYS, 10 Station Parade, Eastbourne. 0323 646604.

SCREW RICHARD BRANSON'S dog — alternatively mount your own virgin peak! The most challenging Himalayan expedition for 1994 has some places for mountaineers, naturalists and photographers on an exploration of the Bara Shigri glacier in North India. Interested? Call HIMALAYAN FOLKWAYS 0323 646614

TRACK AND OBSERVE RHINOS, follow the Inca trail. Join one of 160 expeditions this summer. Send for your info pack now. We need your support. EARTHWATCH 0865 516366

MAY SPECIALS — sailing holidays in Greece — dingy, wind-surfing, schooner, tuition included. Beach Hotel Club, Halieis. 0483 452001.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA: Low-cost flights, tailor-made and escorted group tours. ATOL, AITO, ABTA fully bonded. Telephone — Tours: 081 747 8315. Flights: 081 747 3108.

AMERICA, EUROPE, Far East — low prices, top service. Tel: 0274 563345. Fax: 0275 560820. ABTA.

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly. Tel: 0942 603599. Fax: 0942 670868.

FLIGHT OPTIONS. 0432 851062.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS. Details from J CROSBIE, 23 Mansefield, Grantshouse, Duns, Berwickshire TD11 3RN.

WANTED: RADIO 4 are making a new series "Photo Appreciated". If you are about to use a classified ad to look for love, (esp in Birmingham or Bristol) contact 0272 732211 ext 2448.

VEGETARIAN MATCHMAKERS — brings veggies together. 081 348 5229.

"THIS PICTURE-DATING idea is brilliant" Capital Radio, Photo-introductions sent to you — a successful service for professional people. 071 839 8884 (day) or 081 279 1424 (any time).

SIRIUS
If you are intelligent,
articulate and well-educated,
then we are the agency
for you. We are very
selective as we would
expect you to be,
we operate nationally and
our service is very different.
Call us for a brochure
(South):
(071) 256 6123 (24 hrs)
(North):
(0625) 860 924 (24 hrs)

BEST SINGLES magazine in universe. Free details, PERSON TO PERSON (PE/6), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

CZECHMATE (EST. 89). 2,000 articulate, cultured Czech and C.I.S. ladies. 640 on 2 videos. Seek sincere marriage minded gentlemen. Featured BBC TV, TVam, Anglia, Kilroy. Tel: 0582 25960.

BEST CHOICE of Eastern European contacts (videos available). EUROPEAN CONNECTIONS (PE/94), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames RG8 9DN.

ASIAN/EUROPEAN Introductions International, Leicester LE4 5LN. 0533 610266.

MEET ZILLIONS of women at London singles parties. 071 629 5534.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE for new, interesting friendships, maybe more. Sample photos free! HERMES, Box 110660/S, D-10836 Berlin, Germany.

SIAM INTRODUCTIONS. Est. 1985. Thousands of beautiful respectable marriage-minded Thai ladies. 620 featured live on 4-hour video. Free photobrochure. 12 Conifer Close, Farnborough, Kent BR6 9QD. Or tel: 0689 860 880. Fax: 0689 860 244. Seen frequently on national television.

RUSSIAN PARTNERS. 3,000 beautiful, educated ladies seek romance, marriage. 081-335 3518.

BUDDING FRIENDS — a caring pen-pal club which enables like-minded people to establish new friendships. Free membership. Please send stamp for details: Dept E., PO Box 106, Ampthill, Bedford MK45 2AT.

MARGARET'S PEN CLUB — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

FLOWERS OF THE EAST. The professional Thai marriage bureau. 1 Barn Cottages, Curtis Gardens, Dorking, Surrey.

A FREE MAN IN LONDON seeks a woman in the country, for rural bliss and urban fun. I'm intelligent, imaginative, tall, mid-30s. And you? Box 2544.

RUBENESQUE SCORPIO songbird (22), seeks Bob Mortimer lookalike, GSoH. Photo please. Box 5344.

WANTED — THE HAND of a woman, sufficiently doubtful of men to have retained her virginity. This 33 year old bachelor searches with both patience and good reason. You set the timetable. Box 0844.

GOOD LOOKING CITY BROKER, 38, enjoys having fun, escaping rat race and city. Likes Italy, sailing exploring new places and beautiful women seeks one of latter to participate in former. Box 0944.

KONNICHI WA! English male, 31, attractive, non-smoker learning Japanese, seeks Kawaii Japanese female (18+) for fun friendship and practise with your tongue! Bournemouth/London. Box 5643.

COCK A DOODLE DO (geddit), seriously though tall blond male, easy going, early forties lives Belgravia, successful City career, hunting for attractive young woman, full of the joys of spring, for passionate romance. Photo please. Box 1044

WITTY AND WISE writers latest hero — intelligent, amusing, 38ish, honest, attractive (fit, hair, height, beautiful eyes/mouth), creative, cosmopolitan, tender, feminist, socialist — materialise! Letter, photo, magic wand. Box 1144.

EX-PAT DAMSEL, (not in distress, just lonely) would love to hear from all would-be knights. No dragons please! Box 1244.

FUN LOVING YOUNG looking educated Christian divorcee seeks similar tall gentleman for devoted permanent relationship. Photograph please. Age 50-65. Box 1344.

REDHEAD, 47 (F) 5' 7" S London. Full of laughter, hardworking, intelligent, hedonistic. Still a little wild! Seeks supper partner! Box 1444.

UNDERSTANDING, WARM, intelligent man, 33, serious but optimistic, seeks charming lady, 25-35, good conversationalist, SoH, for uncynical relationship. London area. Box 1544.

FEELING IGNORED? Wonderfully fit handsome married male, 41, feels the same. Let's meet for fun and play. West of London. Box 1644.

TALL, DARK, HANDSOME lady lawyer needs kind, entertaining male companion. Possibly into credit card abuse. S Wales. Box 1744.

DECENT MALE, 26, seeks beautiful older woman. Box 1844.

FEMALE SOUGHT by unattached, easy-going, caring professional for fortnight French gite holiday in May. Can you cope? Try me. 1944

FRIAR TUCK, 47, seeks wild woman. Object: behaviour leading to unfrocking. London/Herts. Box 2044.

COMPANY DIRECTOR, tall, 42, married but somewhat bored, seeks similarly discreet lady in London, Surrey and Sussex areas. Box 2144.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, successful City professional, 31, seeks assertive, attractive, older (?) lady in leather trousers for permanent relationship. London/SE. Box 2244.

OXFORD ACADEMIC, 30, 5'7" seeks cultured, intelligent and sociable woman for friendship etc. Box 2344.

NAUGHTY BUT NICE! Attractive forty-ish male, non-smoker, would love yummie assignations with painted powdered larger lady (age immaterial) N Wales/Anywhere. Box 2444.

MARVELLOUS MIDLANDS woman (50s), tied, attractive, humorous, seeks intellectual/romantic contact, maybe meetings with discreet correspondent. Photo sine qua non. Box 4344.

WONDERBRA WEARER who jives, and wants a relationship preserving independence (35055), sought by velvet-voiced, vibrant, loyal London "wonder" man. Photograph appreciated. Box 4444.

SUCCESSFUL PROFESSIONAL, 44, T, S, G-L, cultured, relaxed, single, great fun, travelled — would love to meet intelligent, independent, elegant, attractive girl late 20s/30s who doesn't mind being spoilt a little or letting her hair down a lot (or vice-versa) to share lobster, life, laughter, love, London, landscapes, latour — lunch?! Photo appreciated. Box 4544.

BARBICAN BACHELOR young 42, bright, energetic, warm, kind invites creative, artistic (?) woman to view his etchings. Box 4844.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE GRADUATE,39, seeks warm male Guardian (reader). NW Area. Box 4944.

GOOD GIRL wants bad boy for summer of love in camper van. Anarchist or traveller preferred. Box 5044.

WARWICKSHIRE WONDERWOMAN seeks mature superman 55-65. Box 5144.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, classical musician, 32, enjoys countryside, cinema, arts, travel, seeks professional male with similar interests, based in Northwest. Box 5244.

ATTRACTIVE CONTINENTAL lady, early 50s, seeks unattached professional gentleman for a passionate liaison. N/S, 5'10" plus, 50 -60, south east/Kent area. Box 2341.

GOOD BLOKE. Good brain, good looking, good laugh, good heart, good intentions seeks female blokess 30s NW/W Yorks. Box 5444.

MALE, TALL, DARK, handsome (honestly!) 51, seeks slim, attractive stylish but wild lady soulmate 30-40 for friendship and fun in Southwest and wherever! Photo appreciated (returned) Box 5544.

PREDICTABLY ATTRACTIVE graduate Hants male, 23, seeks Mrs (or Miss) Robinson. Box 5644.

FARM WORKER, 30, non-smoker, North-east, seeks woman. Box 5744.

PUBLISHER, 55, wants seriously frivolous mistress (jewish?). W Dorset. Box 5844.

24 YEAR OLD CHEF/ restaurateur 6ft 2 enjoys food (obviously), wine, travel and cinema seeks witty female 20+ with similarly antisocial hours for nights in/out, travel and possible relationship. Yorkshire area. Box 5944.

COMPASSIONATE MAN, 35, seeks woman with intelligence and sense of humour. (South East/East Anglia). Box 6044.

BRUNETTE FEMALE, 30, good-looking, sincere, articulate, seeks warm, genuine Mr Right for long term relationship, view permanent. Box 6144.

MALE 40s, TALL presentable, seeks slim sensuous lady for discreet cherishing. Box 6244.

PLUMP 35 (58GG.40".54") desires liaisons with interesting male. Box 6344.

ATTRACTIVE EARLY FORTIES male gentle, fit and solvent, seeks petite earthy lady 28-38 for discreet friendship and fun. Phone appreciated. London/S East. Box 6444.

BIG-EYED BEAN FROM VENUS seeks sparky female of child-bearing age. Oxon, Earth. Box 6544.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL, 29, 5'3", blue eyes, intelligent, fun, seeks humorous, creative, sensitive man, n/s, for relationship/adventure. Box 2644.

SERIOUSLY NICE MAN. Single, 31, seeks wonder woman with view to being seriously happy. London area. Box 2744.

EXTRAORDINARY LADY, blonde, professional, 40, elegant, desires "gentleman" (warm-hearted, generous, tactile, tall, fit); intimacy, merger. Tyneside. Box 2844.

TOTALLY REPULSIVE married man, 35, seeks humorous woman anywhere to share mind and body. Terrible jokes are optional. Box 2944.

PHILOSOPHER, EARLY 20s, male, seeks English rose. Berks/S.East. 3044.

40 MILES OXFORD? Reasonably civilised male, 57, 5'11", n/s, considerate, uncomplicated, uncuddled but not unattached, seeks well-padded lady of similar age and deprivation for afternoon warmth weekly. Box 3144.

LADY, SLIM, FAIR, no ties, forties, seeks tall attractive non-smoking fellow over 45, for drinks, summer lunches, special dinners etc, and perhaps ongoing relationship (preferably not cohabiting). Cheshire/anywhere. Box 3244.

ANARCHIST TEACHER, MALE, 37, introvert, seeks attractive, intelligent woman to share good things in life: cinema, travel, sex, books. ALA. Box 3344.

LOVELY LADY (35) professional, well educated and house trained, new to Edinburgh wishes to meet Scottish medic (30-40) with sense of fun for discreet anatomy classes and to help her find the castle. Box 3444.

LOVELY BLONDE curvaceous woman hons-grad '88, 40s, wants n/s man sharing art, opera/classical, countryside, pleasure, ad-infinitum. Box 3544.

CITY TYPE (MALE, 43) needs help out of the rut. Is there an active, cerebral, hedonistic lady in the London/South East areas to whom I can offer good company, an interesting pastime and possibly breakfast. Box 3644.

SATISFY MY SATYRIASIS! Slim, blond man, cultured, friendly and independent, seeks nymph (18-45), any nationality, for uncomplicated passion. Central London. Box 3744.

WINSOME BABE (30) wants sanguine dude (30-42) for... ever. Give me ten reasons why I deserve you. No bores, dimwits, or polyester. Rakish photo appreciated. Box 3844.

STOP THE WORLD, let's get off together. M (32) seeks intelligent n/s reincarnation of Helen of Troy, to share bottle of champagne with. Box 3944.

TEXAS COWBOY seeking warm compassionate female, object conversation, observation, recreation, and possibly combination. Me 49 years wear and tear, 6'1" tall, 210lbs (not fat), brown hair, blue eyes, Christian, educated, professional, land owner, weight lifter and connoisseur. If you wonder why a yank wants to meet an English woman please write and find out. I will answer all responses. Photo appreciated. Box 4044.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man, 37, keen on theatre, good food/drink; also happily attached but seeking an amusing, affectionate lady (30-45, probably also tied) for the usual discreet and impossibly complicated relationship. London. 4144.

GOOD LOOKING professional businessman, 31, Indian, tall, sincere, unhappily tied, seeks attractive female 21-48 for discreet relationship and fun times. Box 4244.

BIBULOUS BIN END (male, 47) seeks cheeky, supple, but full bodied medium vintage lady for discreet daytime tastings. London. Box 6644.

MANCHESTER TAUREAN businessman. 48, 6ft, warm nature, considered attractive, handsome, SoH, likes outdoors, countryside, wining/dining, travel. Dislikes crowds, discos, plastic people. Seeks similar natured female thirty to fortyish, slim for best friend, lover, laughs. Box 6744.

FIERCELY INTELLIGENT graduate male, 25, tall-ish, dark-ish, handsome-ish, likes food, reading, discussion, exercise, cinema, seeks imaginative pensive woman any age for fun, friendship, hopefully more. ALA. Box 6844.

FEISTY FEMALE JOURNALIST fit, flirty and nearly 40, wants man 30s/40s with healthy body, brain and bank account to snuggle up to and settle down with. Box 6944.

MAD HATTER, 30, Belfast, considerate, sincere, varied interests, seeks Alice (age unimportant) for meaningful relationship anywhere. Box 7044.

RICHARD BRANSON, are you out there? Fun-loving professional lady into blues rock and flying seeks male for good times. 36 to 43 preferably, but it doesn't really matter does it? Box 7144.

ARDENT XENOPHILE, single white male, 31, with eyes only for exotic beauty, desires broadminded black/asian/oriental female (18+) for fun, friendship, intimate pleasures. Must be slim, non-smoker, GSoH (like me!) Bournemouth/London. Box 7244.

MALE GRADUATE, 33, down and out in Southwold seeks girlfriend, Suffolk/London. Box 7344.

FEMALE WRITER, LATE 30s, motorbiker, keen on music, other animals and artistic souls, seeks very well-educated, compassionate, attractive male, 30s/40s. Rural but worldly? Prefer Green farmers, playwrights, composers and craftworkers to teachers, managers, programmers... Box 7444.

MALE 29, likes weird films and weird music, seeks weird girl for weird times. Leicester. Weird photo puh-lease. Box 7544.

QUIXOTIAN DREAMER, tall, dark, solvent, 40s seeks pre-raphaelite lady for escapes to celtic fringe (Midlands). Photo? Box 7644.

HAPPY, ATTRACTIVE, BROKE male 24, seeks solvent woman for occasional dinner/larks. London. Box 7744.

RECYCLER seeks virgin. Box 7844.

MS CHATTERLY SEEKS up-market Mellors, permanent position. (40s, Northumbria) Box 7944.

MERSEYSIDE LECTURER, 6ft, slim, single, jogger, thirtysomething, seeks lady 20-40 tall, attractive with strong (unfulfilled) libido for discreet action research. Box 8044.

TIED BY LOYALTY and law but not by love. Shy man, 45, tall, attractive, successful, professional, GSoH. London-based, seeks discreet relationship with slim, stylish, intelligent lady. Please don't be afraid to write. Confidentiality guaranteed totally. Box 8144.

ERUDITE CLOSET WIMP (40s) seeks elegant upmarket vamp for exquisite spells of protracted narcissism, in occasional discreet London solipsisms, for mutually rewarding neo-gothicisms and delights. GSoH essential. Box 8244.

WILTSHIRE-BASED intellectual (30) seeks like-minded sensual female for cultural liaisons. Box 5743.

SEMI-SUCCESSFUL 60-ish softie seeks mid-40s energetic soulmate for happy times — Cheshire. Box 5843.

Hunting for Perfection~

Enticing thought. - Only inches away now from the sublimely smooth taste, the subtle blend of flavours. Most fortuitous, this large opening in the tavern wall.

Sobering thought. - And I've not the slightest wish to encounter the Mouse that made it.

"OLD SPECKLED HEN"

When you've a thirst for tradition

MORLAND OF ABINGDON. BREWERS SINCE 1711.

CHANNEL ISLANDS — thirty something, very attractive blonde, fashionable good figure, very fit. Would like to meet a very tall, dark, handsome, fit gentleman. Please reply enclosing a recent photograph. Box 7243.

NORFOLK MALE, professional, 45, presentable, loves friendly female company — possibly an affair. Box 7343.

HAYDEE AT MIDDLE AGE seeks older* Juan for heroic couplets in Venice or elsewhere, to drink, smoke and be merry with. *(Old enough to know better). Box 7443.

TWO CONFUSED STRAIGHT males in Coventry (25/28), not quite sure what they want. You might be it. Photo appreciated. Box 6843.

SEX-MAD VIRGIN (male) seeks same (female) for not quite getting around to anything. Midlands. Box 6943.

ARCHITECT, (41, ATTACHED) has designs on discreet sensual affair with like-minded lady. Teesside. Box 7043.

MAN, 32, LONDON, bright, cultured, tall, unattached, seeks female company. Box 7143.

J. EDGAR HOOVER seeks Georges Sand/Madonna with wicked SoH and diverse interests. Box 5943.

CANAL BOAT-DWELLING attractive, upmarket woman, 40s, seeks special younger TDH man Bucks/Berks to make waves with. Photo with letter. Box 6043.

LOUCHE, LEGGY LADY 50, just over 6' tall, very bright with quirky sense of humour seeks literate man with enthusiasm and empathy. Box 6143.

WESTERN MALE, 42, (married) seeks attractive female for occasional liaisons. Box 6243.

ONCE DESCRIBED AS "good in Sainsburys". Ex Neasden University (L Ron Knee Dept) turned jazz musician 50ish, seeks female companion for trips, lunches, seaside and what-u-like. London/SE. Box 6343.

WAKE UP MISSUS! Zig, 39, 5'6", bald, seeks Zagette. Planet Zog or Scotland preferred. Box 6443.

LONELY AUSTRALOPHILE seeks Oz/Kiwi male 38-46. Box 6543.

LONDON GENTLEMAN attractive, creative, sincere, virile, unattached, 45, seeks beautiful/attractive intelligent passionate woman 20-45 for discreet or indiscreet enjoyable relationship. Photo please/returned. Box 6643.

IS THERE A MATURE, home counties, ladies Black Basque seeking a new daytime opening and other uncomplicated developments. Relevant photo speeds progress. Box 7543.

EX-REBEL, 27, now in successful city suit, seeks similar career girl who secretly wants to break free. Box 2143.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
24hr 'SMALLS' ANSWERPHONE for messages and
dictating ads with credit card : 071 734 6887
MAIN SWITCHBOARD, DISPLAY AND
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING: 071 437 4017 FAX: 071 437 0705

PLEASE WRITE YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE:

(use separate sheet if necessary)

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER (this information is confidential):

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT TO ARRIVE AT LEAST 10 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION DATE WITH PAYMENT (CHEQUE/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO **PRESSDRAM LTD**), ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH. PLEASE DO NOT SEND CASH.

IF YOU ARE PAYING WITH ACCESS, VISA OR SWITCH WRITE THE NUMBER HERE:

SWITCH CARD ISSUE NUMBER : EXPIRY DATE:

CARDHOLDER'S SIGNATURE : _____

CARDHOLDER'S NAME & ADDRESS (IF DIFFERENT FROM ABOVE):

_____

_____

_____

***NEW* ADVERTISING RATES**

- ❑ LINEAGE STYLE: £1.50 PER WORD
- ❑ SEMI-DISPLAY STYLE: £3.20 PER WORD
- ❑ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £8.00

VAT INCLUSIVE (RECEIPT ON REQUEST)

SERIES DISCOUNTS

- ❑ 6 ADVERTISEMENTS 10% OFF
- ❑ 12 ADVERTISEMENTS 15% OFF
- ❑ 26 (1YEAR) ADVERTISEMENTS 20% OFF

WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHEQUE

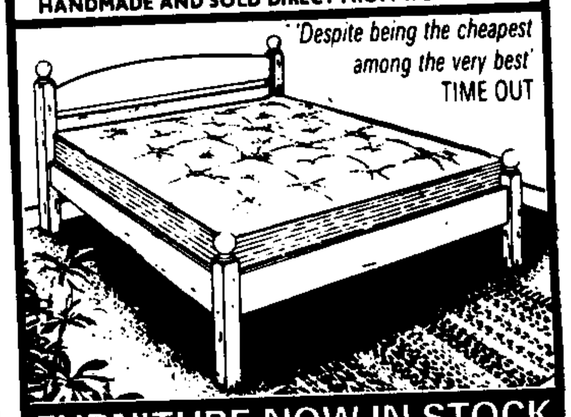
Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

SKYROS Unspoilt. Remote. Lovely beaches.
ASTYPALEA Spectacular white hill-top town in an azure setting. Totally undiscovered.
LEROS Lovely rolling green hills. Unspoilt. Quiet coves and beaches. An island to explore.
NISSYROS Flowers. Amazing lush vegetation surrounds a still smouldering volcano.
SPETSES Pine clad secluded bays, varied watersports. azure seas. lively nightlife.
TILOS Remote. tranquil. serene beauty.
LIPSI Sandy coves. gentle hills and far from the madding crowds with a very Greek lifestyle.
SKOPELOS Stunning verdant scenery. Good beaches. Traditional. Friendly tavernas. local nightlife.
HALKI Magical. charming. unspoilt. Friendly
ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting. Quiet.
KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Sheltered sandy bays. Friendly and very Greek.
SYMI Undiscovered. unspoilt. unbelievably beautiful .... for lovers. Traditional island houses.

QUALITY SELF-CATERING VILLAS & APARTMENTS ON THE LESSER KNOWN TRADITIONAL ISLANDS
It's all in our amazingly honest brochure
062 982 4881 (24hrs) Sunday 10.30 - 5pm
CAA ATOL 1424
LASKARINA Holidays ATTO
The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece

THE *Erotic* Print Society

FINALLY! Erotic Art at affordable prices: rarely seen masterpieces from museums' and connoisseurs' collections. Brilliant sets of prints in discreetly elegant portfolios; for bookshelf or wall (superbly frameable!). Our *provocatively* illustrated little book only £4.95 (refundable with order). CHEQUE (payable to E.P.S.) or VISA/ACCESS details to E.P.S. (P4), Freepost 366, London SW1H 9EP. Enquiry Line (answerphone): 071-244 7576.

TAURUS PINE BEDS
HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP

'Despite being the cheapest among the very best' TIME OUT
FURNITURE NOW IN STOCK
333 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6
OPEN SEVEN DAYS
FREE BROCHURE 071-624 3024

ROLEX WE BUY
THE BEST DEAL GUARANTEED

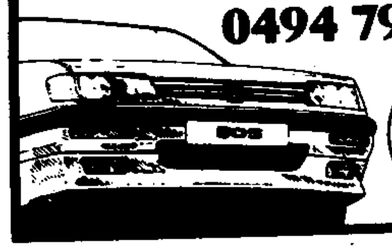
£850 MIN. UPTO £8000
CASH PAID INSTANTLY
FOR CURRENT • GMT
SUBMARINER•DAYTONA
DAY-DATE•EXPLORER II
WANTED
ROLEX *Cartier* PATEK
BREITLING HEUER *PIAGET*
& ALL FINE WATCHES,
GOLD OR STEEL, OLD & NEW
DIAMONDS & JEWELLERY
Bassange Jewellers since 1950
7 HATTON GARDEN
LONDON EC1
TEL: 071 242 3152
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
BRING IN OR SEND REGISTERED POST
BUY • SELL • EXCHANGE • GREAT VALUE

MR FURY

MR FURY
0338 427000
MY DAUGHTER'S PREGNANT
0338 427001
YOU OWE THE TAX INSPECTOR
0338 427002
IRATE DELIVERY DRIVER
0338 427003
LOVERS AFFAIR EXPOSE
0338 427004
Joke lines, PO Box 43, Warminster Wilts BA12 7RU.
Calls cost 39p/min cheap rate, 49p/min other times

The Peugeot 605 Specialist Centre
ROY CHAPMAN LTD
Specialists in Executive Cars and Customer Service
We are unlikely to be beaten for value or friendliness

93(K) 605 SVE Auto 9,659 miles, Steel	£18,995
93(K) 605 SVE Auto 11,841 miles, Silver	£18,795
93(K) 605 SRDT 8,469 miles, Midnight	£17,595
93(K) 605 SVE Auto 6,548 miles, Castille Brown	£16,495
92(K) 605 SV 3.0 5,985 miles, Topaz Blue	£14,695
92(K) 605 SR 3.0 Man 1,175 miles, Topaz Blue	£14,295
92(K) 605 Z6 3.0 Man 11, 951 miles, Topaz	£13,695

For more information, advice or a test drive
Call us now on
0494 792222


OPENING LINES

How Does It Work?

Opening Lines is an independent advertisement service run by Paravox Ltd.

Your advertisement appears in Private Eye together with your own Opening Lines Telephone number.

Readers see your ad, dial your number and listen to your recorded greeting. If they like what they hear, they can record a message for you, there and then, which you and only you, can listen to later.

If you want your own Opening Lines number, simply write out a short advertisement (up to 20 words), then call our operators on 081 466 4048 and dictate it to them. Remember to have your Access or Visa card details handy.

If you simply want to reply to an advertiser, just dial the telephone number shown in your chosen advertisement and leave your details after the tone.

For a full explanation of the service, just dial 0839 512 333.

LONDON MALE, good looking, professional, 33, 6ft 2in, athletic build, good sense of humour, enjoys life to the full, seeks affectionate and independent female for lasting relationship and more. Ring 0660 205171

WOMAN SEEKS HONEST, open-minded, 40 plus male, who is articulate, sensitive, intelligent, intuitive, loving and tactile. Preferably tall, n/s, vital, objective - sharing life and mutual interests. Ring 0660 209743

SINCERE, ATTRACTIVE MAN, 38, white, graduate, seeks lively, adventurous female, 25-35. Interests include food, music, culture, cycling and the great outdoors. Ring 0660 205245

I'M REAL, ARE YOU? Female: honest, sincere, attractive, intelligent, no ties. Wide interests, especially horses. You: male, intelligent, sincere, solvent, good lifestyle. No time wasters. Genuine. Ring 0660 207548

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0660 204222

BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG, SLIM. That's not me, but if you'd like to meet an intelligent 45 year old single mum, n/s, who enjoys cooking but likes to eat out, please call 0660 205174

ARE YOU A BEAUTIFUL lady (nationality unimportant) between 21-40, who would like to meet a sincere, educated, handsome, single, solvent and sensuous man? Ring 0660 206401

VOLATILE, CARING, INTENSE, vulnerable, exceptionally intelligent, eccentric, very attractive woman, 40, restarts lifetime partner search after much discouragement. Only men wanting mature connection need apply. Ring 0660 205049

SINGLE MALE, ATTRACTIVE, pilot, 34, sporty, gsoh, fun loving, very honest and caring, sincere and down to earth, seeks normal feminine female for lasting relationship. Ring 0660 205117

FULL SET OF TEETH. Female, 43, vegi but not nutty. Young looks and outlook, seeks environmentally friendly male, who is 40ish, fit and fun. Ring 0660 209661

FUNNY, SENSITIVE and occasionally witty man, 37, seeks preferably Latin/Celtic inclined woman, 28-40, for fun and a committed relationship. Ring 0660 205192

THE SEARCH FOR A WOMAN might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines female advertisers, then why not try our Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0660 204333

TWO LOW-KEY EX-BUSINESSMAN, having survived the stress of existence and bought motorcycles, are seeking two female navigators to help search for freedom, justice, and the American way. Ring 0660 205083

ATTRACTIVE, BLACK, VIVACIOUS professional lady, looking for a real man! 25-40, 5ft 10in plus, required for a one to one relationship. Nationality not important Ring 0660 207537

HOSPITAL DOCTOR WISHES to meet uncomplicated, educated, special lady of any nationality, under 30, for long romantic walks, cinema, theatre and travelling abroad. Any area. Ring 0660 205103

VIVACIOUS, attractive, professional female, 28, seeks confident, bright, witty male, 28 plus. I'm as selective as you are. Do take this opportunity! Ring 0660 205154

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 35, easygoing, intelligent, tall, reasonably attractive, seeks warm, intelligent woman, 25-35, for films, theatre and possibly long term relationship. London/Kent. Ring 0660 205223

STUNNING BLONDE, 35, seeks man for fun, friendship and romance, with a sense of humour, for sincere relationship. London/SE. Ring 0660 207549

TRAVELLER, UNIQUE, LOVEABLE, sincere, handsome, solvent, looking for female around 27-37, for permanent relationship, to share lifestyle that most would consider a fantasy. Ring 0660 205071

RUBENESQUE, ATTRACTIVE, 31 year old divorced female, seeks male with gsoh and solvent lifestyle for love and laughter and whatever comes next. Ring 0660 205012

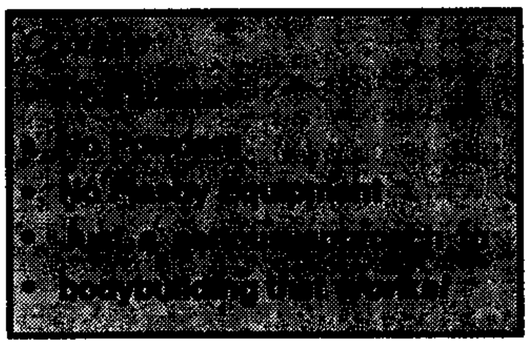
COMPANY DIRECTOR, 40, slim, fit, attractive, seeks intelligent lovely lady, 30-40, for whatever happens. London. Ring 0660 204016

WANTED. adventurous, broadminded female, preferably 25-32, who is tall, intelligent, attractive, for romance, trips to exotic islands and who knows? Successful, professional gentleman, 5ft 10in, attractive, 35, single and genuine. Ring 0660 205063

Opening Lines advertisements cost £35 for 20 words.
To place you own advertisement call -
081 466 4048
and our operators will take your advertisement, any time day or night.
Calls are charged at 39p per minute cheap rate and 49p per minute at all other times.
Paravox Ltd PO Box 230, Walton on Thames, KT12 1YX

SO YOU WANNA BE BIG (THIS SUMMER?)

MASSIVE MUSCLES IN EIGHT WEEKS - GUARANTEED!



Introducing the most comprehensive muscle building programme in ***history.*** Have you ever wondered why some people find it easy to gain muscle - while others struggle endlessly in the gym for hours on end to no avail?

You see, it's not the hours you put in - it's what you put in the hours that count!

Don't waste your money on expensive supplements that simply don't work, or gimmicky courses that promise everything and deliver nothing!

"It's fantastic - I never thought I would look so good, so quick" - P J, Liverpool
"I've been using this course for five weeks now and the visible difference is staggering." - T S, Blackpool
"It makes every other system I've tried seem pathetic." - R S, Croydon
"Dear MP, Being skinny was the hardest thing for me. You certainly put a stop to that." - P T, Winchester

ONLY **£14.95** POST FREE

Yes! I wanna be big (by summer)! Please rush me your supreme muscle program so that I can start to reshape my body. I enclose my Postal Order/Cheque for £14.95 made payable to Modern Publications.

Name .....

Address .....

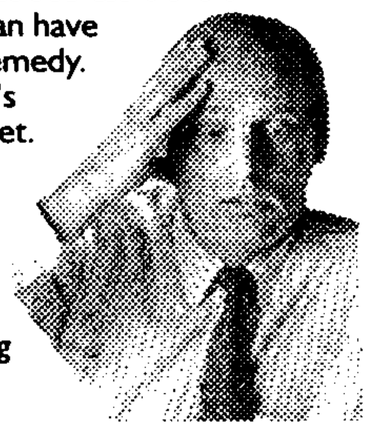
..... Postcode .....

Send your order to: Modern Publications (Dept. SP), Steeple House, Percy Street, Coventry CV1 3BY.

All orders will be despatched within 7 days

DISCREET
SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.



■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers & Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment.

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW
081-558 4226
PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS

04/2754

THE JOKEY BOYS hit the UK!

Call them now to wind up a mate/enemy - we specialise in live tailor-made ridiculous phone calls - These are recorded and then sent by return post to you - all for only **£9.95** Call now and tell us your victims' details and we'll get on the case. Visa/Access welcome. Monday - Friday 9am-5pm.

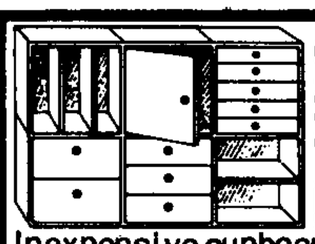
0373 832 828

Jokey examples -
Nudist - 0336 426 366 • **Music shop** 0336 426 367
Joke Lines P.O. Box 43 Warminster, Wilts. BA12 7RU
Calls cost 39p/min cheap rate, 49p min all other times

HAMMOCKS
RELAXED?
You WILL be in One of These!
£24.95
(Incl. p&p)

Finest Quality - Hand Made in Mexico
Now in the UK - Brochure Available

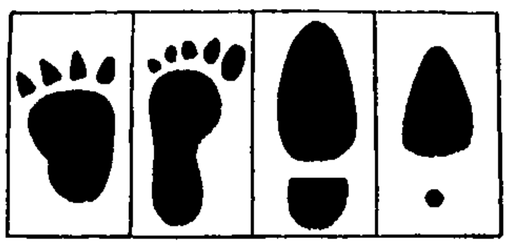
Send a Cheque or P.O. to BARRINGTON DISTRIBUTION
342 Cricklewood Lane, Childs Hill, London NW2 2QH
Tel: 081 731 8999 Fax: 081 731 8599



CUBES SHELVING TRESTLES DESKS ETC
Inexpensive cupboards, record units drawers, wardrobes & shelf systems beech, white, black for home or work
Mail-order catalogue or visit us at
CubeStore 58 Pembroke Road W8
081-994 6016 (24hrs) also in Suffolk

FUTON
EXPRESS Double Sofa-Beds from **£99**
Colour Brochure
23/27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 071-833 3945 10am-6pm Mon-Sat
Fast U.K. Del or Cash n' Carry

THE EVOLUTION OF AUTHORITY



BLACK PRINT ON WHITE T-SHIRT
S.M.L or XL £10.99 inc P&P
CHEQUE / PO to THE T-CHEST.
92 OLD CHRISTCHURCH RD
BOURNEMOUTH. DORSET BH1 1LR
TEL 0202 311 599
ALLOW 28 DAYS FOR DELIVERY

You write the rules when you join TSP

TSP Softbacks are exactly the same in every detail as the original hardback - **except for the soft cover** - and around half the price.

Choose any 3 books for just £1 each

(+p&p)

...and you never have to buy another book *Guaranteed*

Please send to: **The Softback Preview**, PO Box 415, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB11 1DZ.

YES I enjoy good books, and I'd like to try **The Softback Preview** for 6 issues. Please send me the three introductory books I have selected below. If I decide to return them within 10 days I'll owe nothing, otherwise I understand that you will charge me £1 each plus a total of £1.99 p&p. Each Preview will feature a Recommended Title. I understand that I am under no obligation to take the Recommended Title at any time and if I do not wish to receive it I need simply say so on the form provided. **In fact I am under no obligation to buy another book ... ever.** I am over 18.

Indicate by number your 3 choices:

Name Mr/Mrs/Ms

(BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

PE02

The Softback Preview

Only one application per household. Offer valid in UK only. Send no money now.

9 770032 888037 15

"These are the terms and conditions I lay down for joining any book club.

I will not join a club which forces me to buy a book from every magazine or even a minimum number of books every year.

I appreciate good books and I'd like to see what you're offering. Your Preview, with around 100 books every month, sounds like a good idea to me, but don't expect me to buy any of them unless I see something I like.

I want books which challenge, inform and entertain. Whether I'm reading fiction or biography, books on science, art, history or philosophy I always look for the very best.

I also like my books to look and feel good, and to last. So I'm attracted by the quality of TSP softbacks which you say are exactly the same as the original hardback, except for the soft cover and cost around half the price.

OK, I'll buy 3 of the books from this page. At £1 each, it's a good offer. If the rest of your books measure up to these then I might be tempted. But I'm not making any promises.

That's as much of a commitment as I'm prepared to make. If you can accept these terms then please send me the 3 introductory books I've chosen and my first Preview."

The Softback Preview, PO Box 415, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB11 1DZ.

TSP Exclusive: These titles are not available anywhere else in the UK in any format.

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1V 5RG. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. 071-223 9971